

THE 2008 MODEL ISSUE

MAXIM

JULY 2008

MARISA MILLER

RETURN OF THE
GREAT AMERICAN
SUPERMODEL!

PLUS: Her Seven Sexiest Friends

HOLLYWOOD'S DARKEST KNIGHT

The Mad Genius Behind Batman

THE FEMALE SCARFACE

The Rise and Fall of the
Deadliest Woman Alive p.94

THE TOYS OF SUMMER

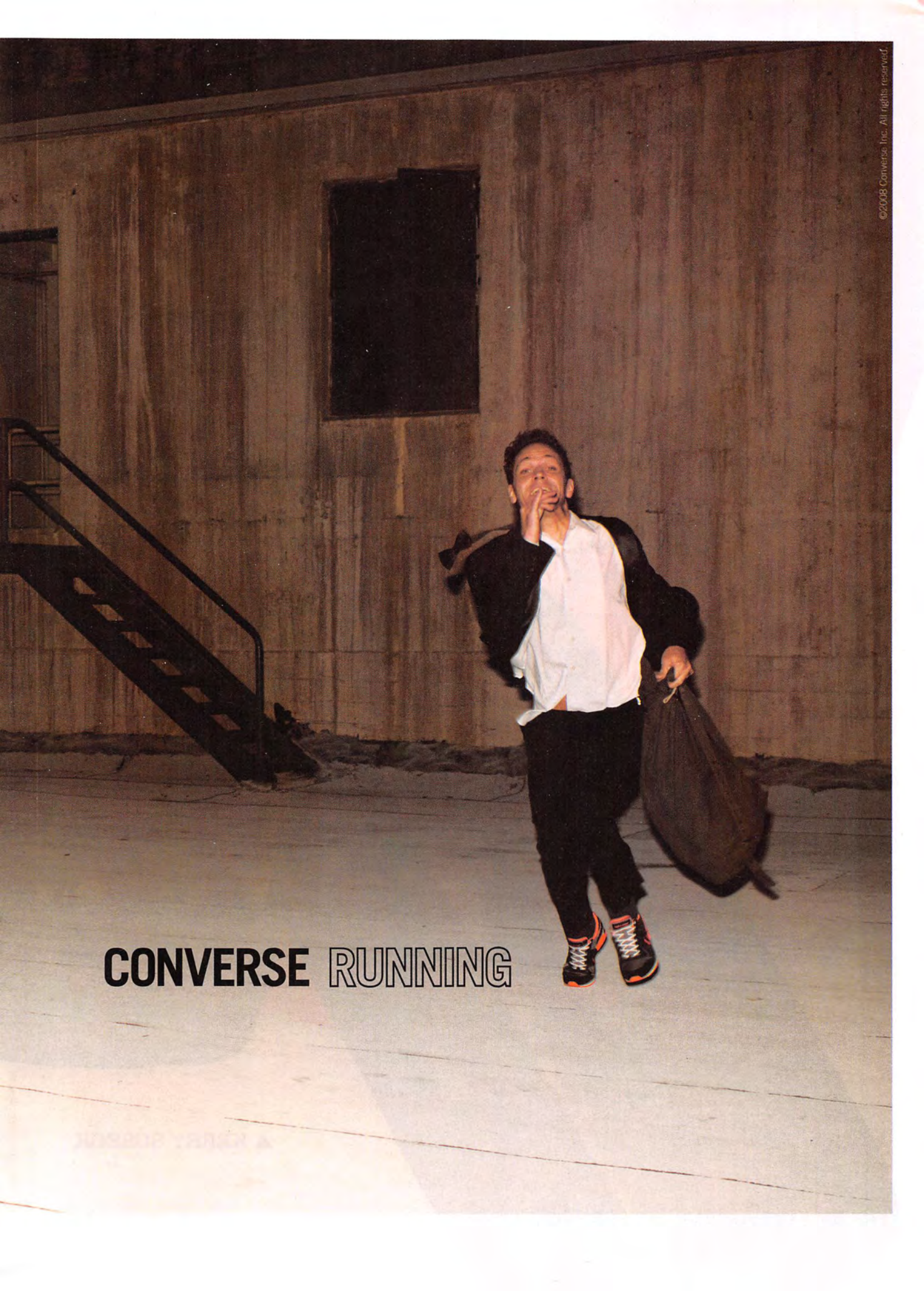
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- Coolest New Cars
- Blenders That Kill





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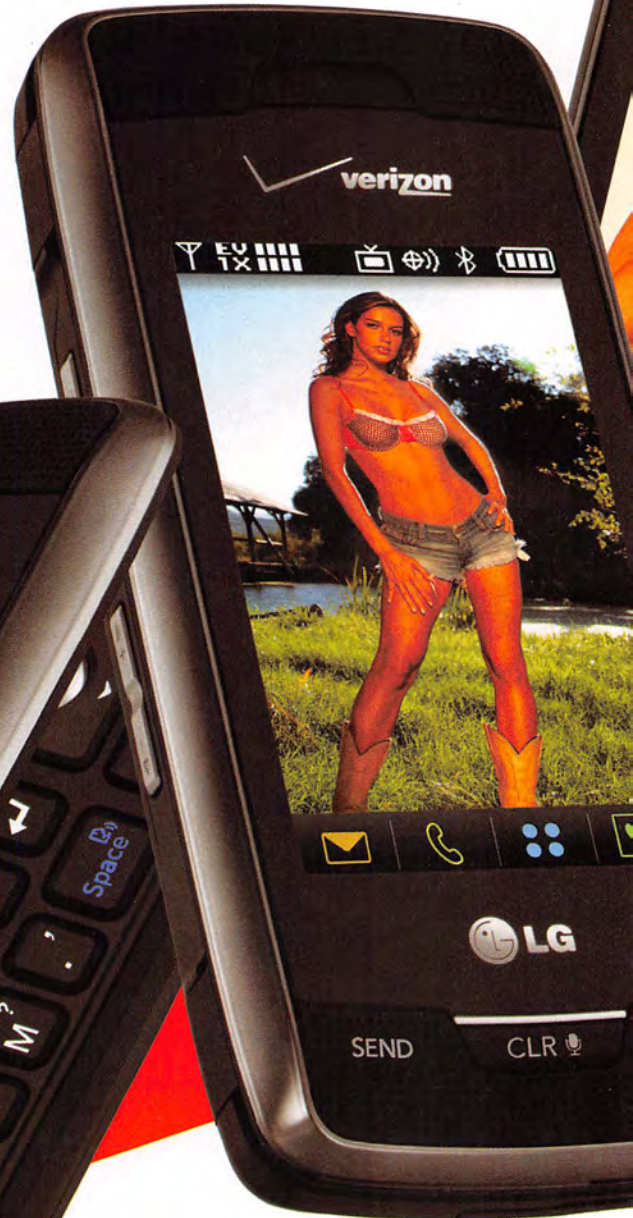
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Marisa Miller

The American supermodel is back! And you can thank this mind-bogglingly beautiful California bombshell for making our nation whole again.

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Marisa might rule the States with a sexy grip, but these international beauties are setting the world on fire.

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Photo, Stephan Würth; styling, Jewels at the Wall Group; hair, Jonathan Hanousek for Exclusive Artists/Biolage; makeup, Christy Coleman at the Wall Group; prop styling, David Ross for ArtMix Beauty. Clothes: bodysuit, We Wore Vintage; bra, Agent Provocateur; shoes, Luciano Padovan





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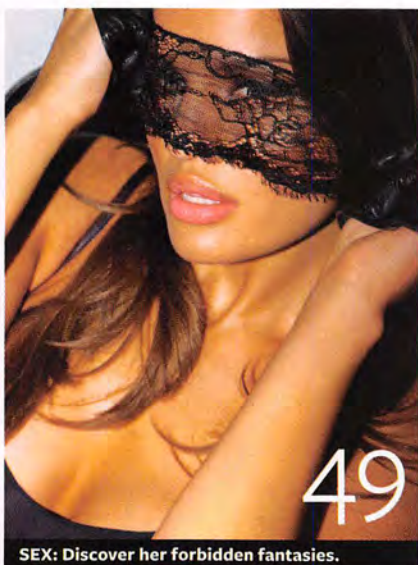
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Tell your "career counselor" to move out of your garage, because the Decider reveals which job is for you!

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TECH, TECH... BOOM!



Cover your sensitive bits, because Maxim.com's geeked-out gadget spectacular is about to blow!

Since this is the time of year when you work extra hard to do next to nothing, why not indulge in those timesavers, effort-reducers, and other electronic enhancements designed to make your life a lithium ion battery-powered dream? After you check out our take on the evolution of tech—like from Michael Douglas' brick-cum-phone in *Wall Street* to Ben Stiller's microscopic brain cancer dispenser in *Zoolander*—in our huge gear blowout ["The Maxim 2008 Mobile Tech Report," p. 83], go to Maxim.com to get acquainted with even more gizmos you didn't know you couldn't live without. And while you're there, peep our Website's latest ongoing tech feature, You Get What You Pay For. We match affordable consumer electronics against their professional-grade counterparts to see what, exactly, \$300,000 gets you that \$300 doesn't. Can your palmcorder snap as pretty a picture as the ginormous steady-cam used to shoot *Transformers*? Not likely, but we'll accept ludicrous numbers of free cameras to find out!

The Toys of Summer

Not all this summer's head-turners and jaw-droppers are wearing bikinis. "Summer's Hot-test Rides" (p. 46) spotlights four of the most

Can you hear me now?



sizzling cars of the season. And if that's not enough to get you revved up, Maxim.com has a virtual garage bursting with barely street legal whips. If you're just looking, there's no way you could get another speeding ticket!

Fields of Dreams

Start spreadin' the news! The Mets and Yanks continue their crosstown rivalry with two brand-new homes next year, and if you read our final face-off between their old ballparks ("Last

Stands for Yanks and Mets," p. 24), you'll understand why. But how will Citi Field or the House that Jeter Built measure up against the league's sleekest baseball cathedrals? Maxim.com has the blueprints for every awe-inspiring stadium—from the Seattle Mariners' Safeco Field to the Washington Nationals' RFK Memorial Stadium—and we're taking you inside.

If you've sated your rapacious hunger for tech, remain seated at Maxim.com for the best in gags and gals!

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Editor's Letter

JULY 2008

Progress is an amazing, indomitable force, and here at *Maxim* we fully embrace it. Everything evolves: how we look, how we work (six months ago this magazine was produced with Xerox machines, a pair of X-acto knives, and a glue pot; today: shiny new "Apple Macintosh" computers!)...even how we play (thanks for the summer hours, Alpha Media Group! See below). No, not all change is a slam dunk (looking forward to that "personal freedom" defining gay porn channel, Playboy!), but we're such believers in the force of progress, we devoted this issue to it. And nothing has changed more in recent years than personal tech. It wasn't so long ago that you had to kill time at the one-hour Fotomat to see how terrifying those "intimate" pictures of your girlfriend came out, or that your vacation was ruined when your Walkman ate your awesome mix tape (you know, the one with Terence Trent D'Arby's "Wishing Well" followed immediately by Danzig's "Mother"—sick, dude!). Every year portable electronics get smaller, sleeker, and more powerful, which is why we have dedicated 10 pages to showing you the very best—everything from ultra-mobile laptops to digital cameras to MP3 players. Our resident gear guru, Jesse Will (quite portable himself, weighing in at 89 pounds!), led an army of button-obsessed freaks who tested, reviewed, and in many cases stole, hundreds of gizmos in our quest to bring you the very best. We even talked to design geniuses to get a glimpse of what'll be on the shelf at the local Best Buy in the near future. An MP3 player embedded in your skull? It's coming sooner than you think, friends.

But little metal boxes filled with circuits and whatnot aren't the only things evolving this year. Take another look at our cover star, Marisa Miller. You back? Good. Not since Cindy Crawford ruled the catwalk has a supermodel born and bred in the U.S. of A. been the object of a national obsession. This California surfer girl grabbed her rightful spot atop last month's Hot 100 list and continues her sexy storm this issue in a photo shoot that will burn the cataracts out of your skull. Hear that, Brazil? Your reign of heavenly beauty is over! The all-American bombshell is back!

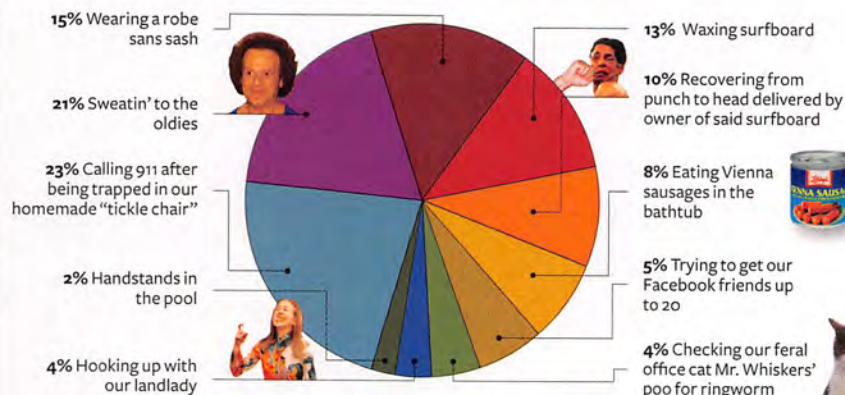


James Kaminsky
Editorial Director

Sorry, I'll stop shouting now. (It's late, and I'm out of bourbon.) Moving on from world domination, elsewhere in the issue you'll find other folks pushing the limits of perfection in their respective fields. There's Frank Miller, the madman behind *Sin City*, 300, and *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*, who transformed comic book flicks from kitschy campfests into morality tales soaked in blood, guts, and seminaked Greeks; there's the meat-scented men of Cooper's Old-Time Pit Bar-B-Que shack down in Llano, Texas, who have devoted 55 years to smoking up the perfect brisket; and there's the...well, you know what? Why don't you yourself take a step forward and stop reading this preamble and get to the good stuff? Enjoy!

THE WHEEL OF FUN!

A breakdown of how we plan to spend our summer hours.





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INDEPENDENCE DAZE

Is that the smell of hot dogs on the grill? No, it's another sizzling serving of your kudos and complaints!



We just adore asymmetrical dresses—er, um, she's hot!

Crazy for Cuthbert

I'm 38 and married to a beautiful 25-year-old woman, and the only female in Hollywood I would be afraid to be around is Elisha Cuthbert. How easy would it be to fall head over heels for your May cover girl? So I'll stick with the photos and just admire her from afar. She's absolutely stunning.

Rick Kaiser via e-mail

Good call, Rick. The farther away you are from Elisha while "admiring" her, the better. In fact, she asked us to make sure you're not left alone in the same room with her supersexy Maxim pictures for more than a few minutes. Thanks for understanding!

True Bromance

Just wanted to drop a quick line to say I loved your retrospective on *True Romance* ["An Oral History," May]. It was fascinating and highly entertaining. You guys should think about doing these types of retrospectives more often.

Robert Gallegos via e-mail

Believe us, we've tried! But do you have any idea how hard it is to round up the entire cast of *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*? Speaking of which, if anyone sees Dick Van Dyke, please have him call us.

Pain Don't Hurt

I was ready to cancel my subscription to *Maxim* when I thought you'd left arguably the greatest action-crime-drama-romance-thriller ever made off your list of "300 Movies You Must See Before You Die!" [May]. Then I saw it: Patrick Swayze's *Road House* was right where it should be, safely below *Maverick* and *Goose's Top Gun*, but in no way surrendering to *Point Break*.

Brett Booen via e-mail

How could we not honor a movie that cemented Swayze's place in the *Badass Hall of Fame*? Without *Road House*, "Keeping It Swayze" would mean maniacally dancing to Motown tunes and making clay pots.

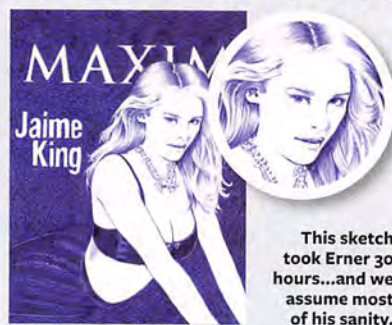
Super Zero

The *Mighty Thor*, the *Savage Dragon*, and the *Sandman* are not B-list Superheroes! ["The Super B's," May]. Next time, hire a real comic professional for your stories. Never say *Thor* is a B-lister! Get it straight, you morons!

Jay Chamblin Austin, TX

Wethinks you may have been hit too many times with the *Mighty Thor's* hammer of dorkitude, Jay. Now come down out of your tree house and take your pills. Everything is going to be fine. We promise.

LETTER OF THE MONTH



This sketch took Emer 30 hours...and we assume most of his sanity.

Labor of Love

Vaughn Emer painstakingly etched this masterpiece by hand with a ballpoint pen. "If you find something you love to do," says Emer, "it elevates you to where you're supposed to be." Vaughn, your dedication has inspired associate editor Jesse Brukman to quit smoking. Enjoy his left-over cigs!

FOR ERNER'S ARTISTRY, THESE SMOKES ARE HIS!



Sapphic Superfan

I want to express my extreme excitement about the Gillian Anderson spread ["The X Factor"] in May's issue. Thanks for revitalizing a girl crush that just won't quit!

Morgan N. via e-mail

If any spread of ours can return a reader to her heady days of nervous dorm room experimentation, then, ma'am, we've done our job!



Mail Bonding

A statistical smackdown of this month's reader feedback.



73% said our popcorn *Jaws* poster for "The 300 Movies You Must See Before You Die!" made them hungry.



64% wondered if they were among the guys Elisha Cuthbert complained "try to pick me up in my car."



51% felt like Kentucky Fried Idiots after trying "The Rocky Workout" and not catching that goddamn chicken.



43% got their ear pierced after a boozy lunch with crooner Jimmy Buffett...just like Harrison Ford did!



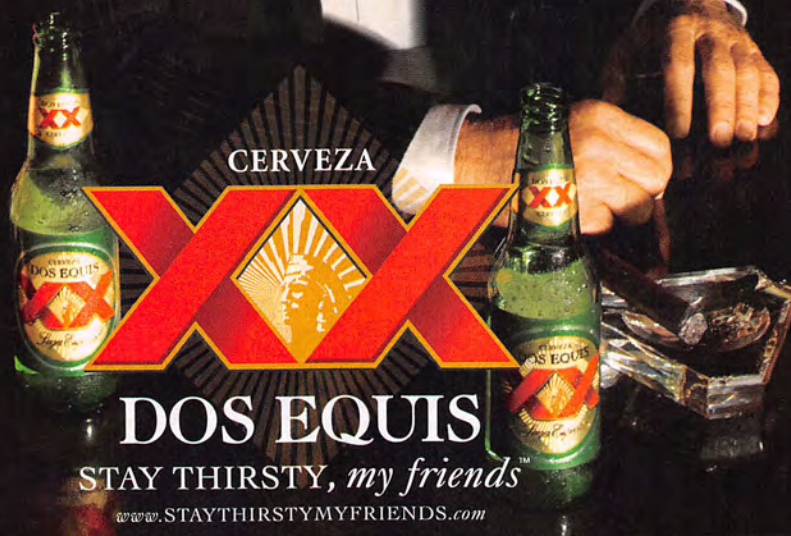
21% agreed heartily with Tracy Morgan's statement, "You can't get no pussy if you ain't got no dough."



1% ratted out GQ to the *New York Post* after they copied our regular feature *The Decider*. Payback's a bitch, fellas!

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INCOMING

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MY FIRST TIME

NATASSIA MALTHE

Even though her hotly anticipated TV series, *Scarlet*, turned out to be a crafty—and ubiquitous—ad campaign for a line of flat-screens, we're not holding a grudge against Natassia Malthe.

Frankly, the Norwegian-born model-actress, whose real upcoming projects include the films *Manslaughter* and *Alone in the Dark II*, is simply too beautiful for us not to forgive her. Natassia promised to be completely honest while revealing some of her most memorable firsts.

First Car

It was a Lada—a Russian truck—that I bought in Canada and drove to L.A. It had two stick shifts. It would stall all over the place because I had no idea how to drive it. I only bought it because it looked unique.

First Kiss

I was eight years old playing truth or dare, and my sister dared me to kiss this guy with red curly hair and freckles. He was petrified. Later on we found out he was gay. I think I actually knew.

First Girl Kiss

It was a few years ago. I was very curious because my friends had kissed girls, and I was the only one who hadn't. So I decided to experiment. Girls are better kissers than guys. They know what they're doing.

First On-Screen Girl Kiss

I kissed Jennifer Garner in *Elektra*. Usually beautiful women are weird with other women, but Jennifer is very confident. I felt super safe. I didn't have to worry about catching STDs.

—Alison Rosen

The first 1,000 Verizon Wireless customers to text NATASSIA to 51945 receive a FREE wallpaper of this picture.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELLE HOLDEN





Pay-Per-View Funerals

Got a dead relative who isn't quite worth the airfare? A ghoulish British company has launched a pay-per-view service that lets mourners "attend" a funeral via Webcam. Drop 150 bucks and you can watch live and for up to seven days after the service. You know, in case you're not ready to start the grieving process...or are too busy playing *World of Warcraft*.

2 Gunnin' for That Number One Spot Director Adam Yauch, a.k.a. MCA of the Beastie Boys, proves he's got game with this winning street-ball documentary about a 2006 hoops tournament that brought two dozen of the country's best high school players to Harlem's legendary Rucker Park. It's Yauch's first doc, but he's been behind the lens before...sort of. Yauch's mysterious, lederhosen-clad alter ego Nathaniel Hörnblowér has director credits on 11 Beastie videos and 2006's live film *Awsome; I F---in' Shot That!*

THE COUNTDOWN

Five amazing, cool, and slightly alarming things we're obsessed with this month.



3 FarmersOnly.com The salt of the earth need some sugar, too, which explains this dating site that helps farmers find that roll in the hay. Into agrarian ass? Pony up \$60 for a year membership. And don't forget to shower after you clean the barn!

4 Amber Heard This 22-year-old's molten-hot career isn't the only thing that's smokin': She lights up the screen in next month's stoner comedy *Pineapple Express*.



Suzuki B-King This stripped-down street beast has a 1,340 cc engine, a top speed of 150 mph and a sci-fi vibe straight outta *Blade Runner*.





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INCOMING



Washes them down with tears of starving Africans.

RED, WHITE, AND CHEW

Meet Joey Chestnut, America's frankfurter-inhaling hero.

Joey Chestnut is the face—and bottomless stomach—of the increasingly popular sport of competitive eating. The 24-year-old project engineer for a San Jose, California construction company defends his world hot dog eating championship title July 4 in a rematch against six-time champion Takeru Kobayashi, the Japanese eating machine whom Chestnut dethroned last year by devouring 66 dogs and buns in 12 minutes. It was a shocking, star-spangled upset that ranks with the U.S. Olympic hockey team beating the Russians in 1980, and cemented the 230-pound Chestnut's status as America's greatest gustatory gladiator. (Besides hot dogs, he holds world records in hamburgers, chicken wings, grilled cheese sandwiches, ribs, jalapeño poppers, pulled pork, and Pizza Hut P'Zones.) Chestnut trains by drinking gallons of water, milk, and protein shakes every day to stretch

his stomach, while devouring dozens of wieners and buns twice a week during practice pig-outs. "There are a lot of really overweight people who can eat a ton of food," Chestnut says. "But they can't do it in 10 minutes, because they run out of breath."

Chestnut, who made over \$100,000 in competitive eating last year, suggests his days as a human garbage disposal may be numbered. "It's very hard on the body," he says. "It's not healthy by any means. Now that I've accomplished my goals, I'm having trouble getting motivated to abuse my body." But not if George Shea, president of the International Federation of Competitive Eating, has anything to say about it. With the IFOCE holding 85 contests every year, expanding overseas, and even launching a Nintendo Wii game, Shea wants his star swallower to keep his bib on. "I see him as less of an athlete and more of a patriotic hero," Shea gushes. We couldn't agree more.

Eat 'Em and Weep

Joey's world records, at a glance.



Chicken wings:
241 in 30 minutes



Grilled cheese sandwiches: 47 in 10 minutes



Mini-burgers:
103 in 8 minutes



Hot dogs: 66 dogs and buns in 12 minutes



Jalapeño poppers:
118 in 10 minutes



Pulled pork: 9 lbs., 6 oz. in 10 minutes



Deep-fried asparagus:
8.8 lbs. in 10 minutes



Pizza Hut P'Zones:
4.82 lbs. in 6 minutes

TRENDSTOPPING

Men With Tiny Dogs

Most guys think of their canine pals as giant musclebound phalluses that can bite people. So what's up with men confident enough in their masculinity to be seen with a yappy teacup pooch only Britney could love? Clearly these mini-pet enthusiasts don't understand the concept of overcompensation!



Adrien Brody
Fancier of: A Chihuahua named Ceelo Vicious
Analysis: Two of the most annoying life forms on Earth, together at last!



Mickey Rourke
Fancier of: Five Chihuahuas
Analysis: Mr. Rourke's *Sin City II* contract stipulates that he be paid in more Chihuahuas.



Diddy
Fancier of: A Maltese named Sophie
Analysis: Mo' money, mo' Wee Wee Pads. If only Biggie could see him now!



George W. Bush
Fancier of: Two Scotties
Analysis: The only loyal Bushie left also happens to run terrified from vacuum cleaners.

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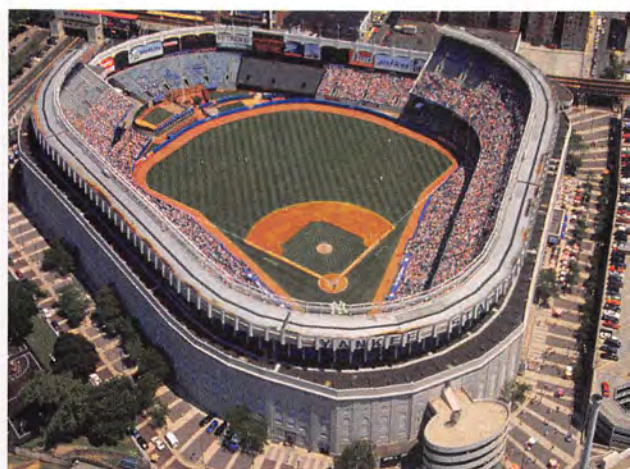
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LAST STANDS FOR YANKS AND METS

A final look at two stadiums (one revered, one not so much) before they slide into oblivion.



SHEA STADIUM

YANKEE STADIUM

OPENING DAY	April 17, 1964 (Pirates 4, Mets 3)	April 18, 1923 (Yankees 4, Red Sox 1)
W-L THROUGH 2007	1,811-1,680 (.519)	4,085-2,397 (.630)
GREATEST PLAYERS	John, Paul, George, and Ringo	Babe, Lou, Joe, and Mickey
BEST PERFORMANCE BY A MURDERER	In 1973 Buffalo Bill O. J. Simpson completes NFL's first 2,000-yard season here, goes on to kill his wife, Nicole, and her friend Ron Goldman.	In 1980 Dave Winfield signs the then-biggest contract in baseball history (\$23 million over 10 years), goes on to kill a sea gull with a baseball in Toronto.
BODY PARTS OF FANS BROKEN WHEN DRUNKEN FANS FELL ON TOP OF THEM LAST YEAR	1 (Fan Ellen Massey breaks her back on April 9 when an unidentified 300-pound man lands on top of her.)	1 (Fan Paul Robinson has his neck snapped on July 8 after a beer-soaked bully falls on him from the upper deck.)
BEWARE OF FLYING OBJECTS	On December 9, 1979, fan John Bowen is struck by a model airplane and killed.	Roger Clemens attacks Mets catcher Mike Piazza with Piazza's broken bat during the 2000 World Series.
PAPAL VISITS	1 (John Paul II)	3 (Paul VI, John Paul II, Benedict XVI)
CHOKER FOR THE AGES	2007 Mets blow seven-game division lead in last 17 games.	Up 3-0 in 2004 ALCS, lose four straight games to Red Sox.
LAST GAME	September 28, 2008 (vs. Marlins)	Date unknown, but it'll likely be an NHL game starring the Rangers.

#8 IN A SERIES

Bacon Porn

Vodka + bacon = best drink ever.

Our new heroes at Brownie Points blog have come up with a recipe for bacon-infused vodka that makes our hearts and livers skip a beat. Just drop three strips of fried bacon into a Mason jar filled with vodka and store it in a dark place for three weeks. Then put it in the freezer and strain out any chunks of fat. Voilà! You have liquid gold. Our pals claim it's "wonderful when mixed with date syrup for a sweet bacon cordial." Screw that. Give us a shot glass and get out of our way!



BIG NUMBER

7,020

Estimated number of Americans who will visit the emergency room missing an appendage on July 4.

TILA TEQUILA

Do we have a shot with MTV's tiniest temptress? Probably not!

Dear Tila,

Congrats on the second season of *A Shot at Love*, your wildly popular dating show in which both musclebound meat sticks and bisexual strippers compete for your affection. Packed with hot tub make-out sessions, drunken hair pulling, and crazy-people tears, it's no wonder *A Shot at Love* was the highest-rated show on MTV last year. We're guessing those monster ratings have already guaranteed a third season, and we totally want to be a contestant!

Why, you ask? Well, we've been huge fans ever since your MySpace bikini photos made you a bona fide Internet lust object. And we love that you're only 4'11"—you could fit in our carry-on bag! Besides, we've already gotten all the tetanus shots we need to safely submerge ourselves in the *Shot at Love* hot tub. (Apparently, loose belly rings and body glitter residue can cause painful infections. Go figure).

So consider this our application. We may not have 12-pack abs or be clinically insane, but we'd sure like to smell your hair. Let us know!

*Love Ya
Maxin*



"Tila who? I'm here for the tequila."



ASK MAXIM

The truth about full-moon mania, why European chocolate rules, and some really expensive fluids. So much need-to-know info, your brain is gonna bleed!



Chewbacca cleans up for Wookie High picture day.

? DO FULL MOONS REALLY MAKE PEOPLE CRAZY?

Tariq Johnson, Tuscaloosa, AL

The theory of lunar lunacy is based on the belief that since full moons affect ocean tides, they also influence human behavior (we're two thirds water, ya know). But with apologies to our were-wolf friends, there is simply no scientific proof to support the idea of full-moon-induced mania. Studies comparing full moons with rates of homicides, suicides, psychiatric admissions, and industrial accidents have come up with nothing. In olden times a blazing moon *may* have increased nighttime crime rates as it was easier to rob victims of their shiny monocles and pocket watches. But today it's just a glow-in-the-dark space rock roughly 240,000 miles away from Earth that some dude named "Buzz" landed on. So best to blame your crazy behavior on your addiction to cherry cough syrup. Again.

? WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THE FILES PUT INTO "TRASH" ON MY COMPUTER?

Zach Gingold, West Windsor, NJ

"Files are essentially recoverable forever," warns Lorrie Cranor, a computer science professor at Carnegie Mellon University. When you move files—which are made of patterns of zeros and ones—to the trash, they just go from one folder to another. "When you empty it, the computer saves the file; it just deletes the part that tells where it lives," Cranor says. To recover trashed data, police and computer specialists use software to search for the original pattern of zeros and ones. A program like Webroot Window Washer will overwrite those numbers, but you'd need to overwrite a file about 20 times to make it completely unrecoverable. Not that you have anything to hide. Last time we checked, elderly clown porn was still legal!



Count Chocula just got visibly aroused.

? WHY DOES EUROPEAN CHOCOLATE TASTE BETTER THAN AMERICAN CHOCOLATE?

Ben Busey, Portsmouth, NH

Maybe because you hate our troops? Actually it's all about the Euros setting different standards for their sweets. "There is not a European or an American way of making chocolate," says Susan Fussell of the National Confectioners Association. "Although there are regulations in the EU and the United States that set standards for chocolate composition." These standards specify the minimum amounts of mandatory ingredients such as chocolate, sugar, vanilla, stabilizers, cocoa butter, and even which optional extras are permitted. European chocolatiers have recently been allowed to substitute a small amount (up to five percent!) of fat from vegetable sources, whereas on our side of the pond, *all* the fat comes from cocoa butter. Regardless of which continent's chocolate you're eating, we suggest swapping that three-pound block of fudge for an apple. It's bathing suit season!



? IS GASOLINE THE MOST EXPENSIVE LIQUID YOU CAN BUY?

Adam Richards, Detroit, MI

At upward of \$3.75 a gallon, gas actually ranks with milk and bottled water as among the *cheapest* liquids you can buy. The priciest just might be the antivenom used to treat poisonous snakebites, which costs a whopping \$567,000 per gallon. "A tiny freeze-dried pellet of antivenom in the United States can run up to \$1,500 per vial," says Dr. Steven Seifert, medical director of the New Mexico Poison and Drug Information Center. What else will wallop your wallet? A gallon of Chanel No. 5 perfume is \$48,640; 2005 Château Mouton Rothschild is \$4,500; even HP's No. 45 printer ink runs \$2,703 a gallon. Our point? If you can't afford gas, take the damn bus.

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a thousand vibrating
cell phones?



Ever tried  Gum?
Stimulate Your Senses



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RESPONSIBILITY MATTERS™

FILM
ANGELINA JOLIE
IS WANTED

24 HOURS
BILL MAHER'S
UN-P.C. LAST DAY

TV
SIGN UP FOR
GENERATION KILL

MUSIC
BUSTA RHYMES
GETS BLESSED

MOST WANTED
BROOKE HOGAN
PINS US DOWN

369
HIT VODOO,
AVOID 90210

RATED

{YOUR ULTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT AUTHORITY}

VIVA LA COLDPLAY!

Armed with a brand-new sound, your girlfriend's favorite band might soon become yours.

You know how we know you're gay? Because you're reading about Coldplay. But seriously, the awesomely successful Brit-pop outfit's adventurous new album, *Viva La Vida*, may have more to offer than you think. We talked to singer, songwriter, and Apple's proud papa, Chris Martin, about smoothies, Donna Summer, and that famous dis from *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*.

WILL NON-COLDPLAY FANS DIG *VIVA LA VIDA*?

Whether or not you like us, you can't deny it's the sound of a band hungry to try new things. It's the perfect 45-minute album for a postcoital listen. The people who don't like us should be happy about its brevity.

WHAT DID LEGENDARY PRODUCER BRIAN ENO BRING TO THE TABLE?

When you become a successful band people have heard about, you're tempted to think, *Maybe we're all right*. But when you get someone like Brian Eno on board, you are admitting, *We are shit*. That's what happened.

HE WHIPPED YOU GUYS INTO SHAPE?

It was like military boot camp; he had to break us down before he could build us up. It brought out the best in all of us.

WHAT DID YOU LISTEN TO WHILE RECORDING?

We set a rule when we started that every day would be like show and tell. Everyone had to bring in something new and different, and then we'd try to use those influences on what

we were working on. The stuff really varied, from Rammstein and the Arcade Fire to the Golden Gate Quartet and Donna Summer.

CAN YOU HEAR IT ALL ON THE ALBUM?

You know when you're drinking those smoothies you've got in America, and you're like, "I think I can taste papaya." That's what we're trying to do: make musical smoothies. We'll have a Kanye West influence here, a Beatles influence there. As long as the listener can spot different ones, we're doing our job.

GOT ANY THOUGHTS ON THE COLDPLAY DIS IN *THE 40-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN*?

All I can say is, I'm very proud of that.

Viva La Vida hits shelves and online retailers on June 17.



Sometimes Chris thinks of Gwyneth's head in a box. And quietly smiles.

The strictest driver's ed instructor ever

KILLER INSTINCT

A sultry assassin schools a regular Joe in the deadly arts in *Wanted*.

Slackstar Wesley Gibson (James McAvoy) is having one hell of a week. After his father dies, he learns that Pops was part of a top-secret collective of elite assassins. If you guessed that means Wesley is destined to avenge his father's death and become a killer himself (under the tutelage of Angelina Jolie in tight outfits and Morgan Freeman in wise old guy mode), well, then you're a goddamn genius.

The man helming *Wanted* is Timur Bekmambetov, the director behind trippy Russian vampire thrillers *Night Watch* and *Day Watch*. His experiences making those movies paid off. "It's

almost the same film language," he explains. "The real world turns into a fantasy world." And while *Last King of Scotland* alum McAvoy doesn't exactly scream "action star," since Wesley's transition from office drone to lethal weapon is a bumpy one, the casting may be spot on.

The thriller is packed with car chases, fight scenes, and heretofore unseen effects. Parts were filmed with a new handheld digital camera destined to make its old-school counterparts obsolete—and possibly cause some expensive reshoots. "Twenty minutes of the movie is stored on this thing the size of a credit card," says Bekmambetov. "You're constantly worried you're going to lose it." —Mike Olson

Lucky for him, there's a Big & Tall in hell.



Skin Deep

Feast your eyes on Hollywood's most hideous heroes.

Just because the star of *Hellboy II: The Golden Army*—an entity from the bowels of hell—won't win *Top Model*, that doesn't mean he can't save the day. Need proof? Take a (careful) peek at these other aesthetically challenged good guys.



ADMIRAL ACKBAR
Return of the Jedi, 1983
This cosmic crustacean plans the destruction of the Death Star—and tastes great with butter and coleslaw.



SLOTH
The Goonies, 1985
Chunk's congenitally deficient buddy (and Baby Ruth lover) uses his strength to subdue the nefarious Fratellis.



THE SUBWAY SPIRIT
Ghost, 1990
The specter portrayed by Vincent Schiavelli achieves one heroic feat—limiting Whoopi Goldberg's screen time.



MARV
Sin City, 2005
Despite a drug addiction and uggo mug, he's a magnet for hotties. He must feel like a lost Mötley Crüe member.

The Checkup

Sifting through the cinematic heap.



Meet Dave

A mini Eddie Murphy alien must save his doomed planet by piloting a human-size Eddie Murphy "ship" among earthlings. Wait—what?



Get Smart

Steve Carell resurrects bumbling secret agent Maxwell Smart and joins Anne Hathaway's Agent 99 to foil KAOS's insidious plans.



Hancock

Summer action juggernaut Will Smith plays a boozy superhero who can fly, smash speeding trains...and be a total menace to society.



The Love Guru

Mike Myers is an Indian-trained sage with a bad accent seeking fame by reuniting a star hockey player with his estranged wife.

Main character is a vessel of destruction

Love interest is way younger than the star

Stars a voice from Shrek

Gadgets galore!

Dr. Evil and Mini-Me reunited

Totally over-the-top performances

OUR TAKE

Does "The Adventures of Pluto Nash meets Norbit" sound like a hilarious pitch to you? If so, check this one out. Or just empty your wallet into a sewer.

The original series died 38 years ago. The movies-from-musty-sitcoms trend was big 10 years ago. Spy spoofs played out five years ago. Missed it by that much.

We're not used to seeing Smith play a jerk, but this cool concept, plus big-budget scenes of comedic collateral damage, should keep him a box office hero.

"Pitka" is Myers' first new character since a certain Mr. Powers, but we're not sure he has mojo. On the other hand, Jessica Alba plays his sidekick. Shwing!

“
WHEREVER GARY BUSEY
IS GOING, I’M GOING
THE OTHER WAY.
”

BILL MAHER

The *Real Time* host and star of the upcoming doc *Religulous* shares his thoughts on the afterlife.

SO HOW DO YOU WANT TO GO?

Out in nature, among the wild things, from a clean shot by Dick Cheney.

DO YOU HAVE ANY DEATHBED CONFESSIONS?

I faked all my orgasms.

WILL YOU BE GOING TO HEAVEN OR HELL?

That depends. Wherever Gary Busey is going, I’m going the other way.

IS THERE POLITICAL CORRECTNESS IN HEAVEN?

Yes, you can’t even mention that blacks arrived 20 minutes late.

WAS THERE ANYONE ON EARTH YOU WANTED TO PUNCH IN THE FACE?

Mini-Me. I never liked that little person. No one ever calls him out on it, because he’s so short.

YOUR NEW DOCUMENTARY, *RELIGULOUS*, IS CRITICAL OF RELIGION. WHAT WAS THE MOST

FAR-FETCHED BELIEF YOU HEARD SOMEONE HOLD ABOUT THE AFTERLIFE?

That you don’t make it there if you masturbate. Or didn’t eat fish on Friday. Or if you masturbated a fish on Friday.

WHO WOULD YOU ASSEMBLE IN THE AFTERLIFE FOR A VERY SPECIAL PANEL OF *REAL TIME WITH BILL MAHER*?

Hitler, Jesus, and Thomas Jefferson. Oh, and Jessica Alba, of course.

WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN YOU DIE?

You get the GOP nomination for president.

HOW WILL YOU SPEND YOUR IDEAL AFTERLIFE?

Getting stoned and watching *Flavor of Love*. Wait, that’s how I spend my ideal afternoon.

WHAT SONG PLAYS AS YOU DIE?

“A Whiter Shade of Pale,” by Procol Harum.

NAME ONE THING YOU’RE GLAD YOU’LL NEVER HAVE TO DO AGAIN ON EARTH.

Questionnaires.

IF YOU COULD COME BACK FROM THE DEAD AND SPY ON SOMEONE WHO’S STILL ALIVE, WHO WOULD IT BE?

George W. Bush, because he did it to me.

WHAT IS YOUR PROUDEST ACCOMPLISHMENT?

Losing my religion.

DESCRIBE YOUR FUNERAL.

Woodstock—without Sha Na Na.

WHAT’S YOUR LAST MEAL?

Freshly masturbated fish.

GOT ANY LAST WORDS?

“What was that all about?”

Religulous offends the pious in theaters this fall.

RATED TV/DVD



necks to the sometimes incompetent commanders, few works have so accurately distilled just what it means to be a marine. "The racism, the hatred—this is what happens."

The Location

Since Iraq is less than hospitable to film crews, *Kill* was filmed in Africa. The Namibian desert made a perfect Kuwait and southern Iraq, while South Africa subbed for the lush Iraqi interior. "It was so much like Iraq," says Wright, "even the length of the grass was the same."

The Equipment

The 1st Reconnaissance Battalion invaded Iraq with second-rate equipment they had to repair and reinforce with new armor, often on their own dime. "That's how it is," says Kocher. "If we got everything we wanted, we'd be the Army."

The Action

"The series is brutal," warns Wright, "but I still don't think we captured the level of violence." He hopes *Kill* will educate civilians. "The public thinks they know what the war looked like, but this series truly captures first contact—first contact that was often fatal." —Jesse Brukman

SHOCK AND AWE

HBO's *Generation Kill* embeds viewers in the chaotic invasion of Iraq.

Channel surfers weary of summer's retreat to reality TV idiocy expect relief from HBO's risk-taking original programming. *Generation Kill*, a seven-part miniseries about a U.S. Marine platoon's experience in the 2003 assault on Iraq, produced by *The Wire*'s creator, David Simon, upholds the network's reputation for quality, and viewers will encounter a reality grittier

than any singing, dancing, deal-making competition. Journalist Evan Wright, who wrote the original nonfiction book, and Eric Kocher, the series' military advisor, break down how close *Kill* comes to capturing a war zone.

The Men

"Recon marines are strange animals," says Kocher, a former marine sergeant. "But this show really got it." From the attitudes of the leather-



EX model shown. ©2007 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

Back to the Futurama

The canceled cartoon returns with the DVD movie *The Beast With a Billion Backs*.

Futurama—the sci-fi cartoon about a bumbling cosmic delivery crew made up of aliens, robots, mutants, and humans—was unceremoniously dropped by Fox in 2003. But big-time DVD sales, combined with the show's popularity in reruns on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim, turned Fox's faux pas into every fan's gain: new, original movies released straight to DVD. "Returning to life after you've been canceled is such a rare thing, so these movies are a real victory," says David Cohen, who created the show with *The Simpsons* honcho

Matt Groening. *Bender's Big Score*, the first of four full-length movies, was well-received by fans and newbies alike last year. The latest flick in the quadrilogy? Cohen describes *The Beast With a Billion Backs* (to be released June 24) as "a simple relationship story...between a giant octopus and every living being in the universe." You aren't alone in your appreciation of such galactic surrealism: Said mollusk is voiced by comedian David Cross, and hero/idiot Phillip J. Fry's love interest gets her lilt from *King of the Hill* vet Brittany Murphy.—JB



Exercising his right to bare arms



Oil in the Family

From *Deadliest Catch* to *Ax Men*, reality shows about way dangerous jobs have taken over cable. To help you follow the latest, Tru TV's *Black Gold*, roughneck Steve Cooper schools you on the lingo of oil rig workers.

Worm: A new, untested roughneck
USAGE: "Hey, worm, you're not flipping burgers over here. Get your head out of your ass or you'll get somebody killed!"



Tool pusher: An advanced former driller now dealing with corporate
USAGE: "Hank is a real tool pusher now. All he does is sit in the trailer and watch soap operas."

Turtle fucking: Smacking another guy's hardhat with your hardhat
USAGE: "I asked the kid, 'Hey, worm, you ever seen two turtles fuck?' He said, 'Nope.' Then bam!"



In the woods.
On the town.
You're so versatile...
you must be a figment of my imagination.



And that is what we call "irony."



And he's still
always late
to Pilates...

BUSTIN' OUT

Busta Rhymes is feeling *Blessed* by a comeback album.

After years of rapping about the apocalypse, Busta Rhymes nearly encountered the end of his career in 2006 when his bodyguard was killed outside a video shoot, where a showdown was taking place between G-Unit's Tony Yayo and a rival producer. The ugly incident kicked off a stretch of legal troubles for the hip-hop innovator. But with the release of his new album, *Blessed*—featuring state-of-the-art beats by Pharrell Williams and Cool & Dre—that period is looking like the staging ground for a comeback.

"The last two years have been extremely uncomfortable," Busta admits, understating the aftermath of the shooting and various brushes with the law (drunk driving and assault charges, to name a couple). Even so, the eccentric rhyme spitter stands strong. "I realized that I have 50,000 people in a stadium all shouting, 'Ho!' People who run countries don't get to experience that," he says. "I have a new energy."

That's apparent on the album's first single, "We Made It," in which Busta enlists Linkin Park for an unabashedly triumphant chorus. Rock bombast? Check. But he also felt that "hip-hop needed a 'We Are the World.'" Hence "Decision," a piano-laden track with cameos by Mary J. Blige, Jamie Foxx, John Legend, and Common. (Huey Lewis, we can only assume, was unavailable.)

For the effortlessly appealing "Let Me Show You," he utilizes a sample of another famous voice—a preteen Michael Jackson from the Jacksons' 1976 "Show You the Way to Go." "I'd play that song when I was a kid cleaning up the house," he says. Now it provides probably the most wistful moment in his entire catalog. Don't shed any tears for Busta, however: "At this point in my life, things could not be any better." That may not be a very "street" sentiment, but Busta has always been one to blaze his own path. —Nick Catucci

Busta's *Blessed* is available everywhere on June 17.

Reviews

For your aural satisfaction, here's what's dropping this month.

Weezer • Weezer • Geffen



● ● ● ● ●

Weezer's last few albums strung together tunes that were totally stripped of the tortured-geek persona that so endeared fans to Rivers Cuomo. Well, he's emoting again: "The Red Album" gets rolling with the irony-drenched mini-epic "The Greatest Man That Ever Lived" and climaxes with "The Angel and the One," a big, messy heartbreaker. That he passes the mike to his band mates for three tracks is the only disappointment. —Nick Catucci

Bobby Digital • Digi Snacks • Koch



● ● ● ● ●

RZA, the Wu-Tang Clan's resident mystic, achieved such a high plane on the Wu's woozy last album that even his blunt-adoring band mates basically disowned it. Down-tempo and dissonant, his third disc as Bobby Digital peaks early with the kung fu-inflected soul of "U Can't Stop Me Now," then drifts into what could be the soundtrack to a gangsta's bad dreams—sleepy rhymes and all. That darkness makes the flickers of brilliance all the brighter. —N.C.

Wolf Parade • At Mount Zoomer • Sub Pop



● ● ● ● ●

This Montreal quartet has loosened up...and that's not necessarily a good thing. Their sharp debut sounded like it was assembled by a team of paranoid scientists. *At Mount Zoomer* is the product of jam sessions in a church owned by fellow Canadians the Arcade Fire, and while Dan Boeckner and Spencer Krug's voices remain worried and nasal, the music feels a bit self-indulgent. "Kissing the Beehive," for instance, stretches out to 11 long minutes. —N.C.

Music Math

Vanessa Hudgens • Identified • Hollywood



—



×



=



On her second non-*High School Musical* album, Vanessa Hudgens manages a feat to rival her emerging unscathed from that naked-photo-on-the-Internet scandal: She successfully channels Amy Winehouse without betraying her Mickey Mouse roots. The Disney princess mercilessly belts out the tunes on this more mature (but still spic-and-span) dancefloor disc. —Nick Catucci

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BROOKE HOGAN

The Hulkster's lovely daughter busts out her own reality show.

Four years after *Hogan Knows Best*, the VH1 reality show chronicling the lives of Hulk Hogan and his family, premiered to the channel's highest ratings ever, daughter Brooke is getting her own spin-off, *Brooke Knows Best*. The show takes place in and around the 20-year-old's Miami crib, where she and her two roommates deal with dating, partying, and Brooke's emerging music career. "When I was with my old record label, a certain producer forced me to do stuff that was not me," Brooke says. "I told them I had R&B vocal training, and they put me on a 50 Cent beat! So I'm ready to reinvent myself."

Not a moment too soon. The past year has seen two big (and highly public) setbacks for the Hogans: a car accident in which her brother's friend was critically injured and the breakup of her parents' 24-year marriage (in which one of Brooke's friends confessed to sleeping with her dad). Still Brooke remains undaunted and ready for the spotlight. "Of course I had to think long and hard about this," she says of submitting to the unblinking eye of TV, "but once I saw the crew, who've been with me for the past four years, I was like, 'Sure! Come on in!'"

But just because she's moved out of the house the WWE built doesn't mean Brooke's legendary dad won't be showing up while the cameras are rolling. "He pops up at, like, my best friend's birthday party and stuff. He can't fight the feeling of wanting to be a protective daddy. Thankfully, the times he's dropped in, I haven't been doing anything bad." —Alison Prato

Watch Brooke dance, sing, and party like a rock star on *Brooke Knows Best*, premiering July 13 on VH1.



BROOKE'S STRICT DAD ONCE THREW A DISRESPECTFUL AARON CARTER OUT OF THEIR HOUSE.

3

MONTHS

6

MONTHS

9

MONTHS

The future of pop culture, filed and sorted for your anticipatory pleasure.

GET PSYCHED FOR

STAY AWAY FROM

TIME WILL TELL

Voodoo Music Experience

Rocktober's premier festival is back on the N'awlins bayou with an A-list lineup that includes R.E.M. and a reunited Stone Temple Pilots. Catch indie talent and rock legends as they vie for your attention on three stages.



Beverly Hills 90210: The Next Generation

Whitewashed Midwesterners once again land in Cali's most clichéd ZIP code. The mix of rebels and snobs is eerily similar to the original's, so our only question is: When will 24 be back again?



Courtney Love album

Lately the widow Cobain has been famous more for public nudity than music. But with Billy Corgan and a newfound sobriety fueling a confessional comeback album, there may soon be more to Love than her arrest record.



Presidential Inauguration

In case bushslastday.com isn't your homepage, the 44th president will be inaugurated at 12 P.M. EST on January 20, 2009. At 1 P.M. 65 percent of the country will offer to help the 43rd president move his junk.



Matchbox Twenty album

You moshed to "Push" and broke up with your first girlfriend to "3 A.M." But do we really need more tired wuss rock? If the rumors are true, that's exactly what pretty boy Rob Thomas and Co. are going to deliver next winter.



I Love You, Man

Paul Rudd is a loner forced to find a best man when his fiancée (Rashida Jones) employs a long list of BFFs in the wedding party. Since Rudd's *Sarah Marshall* pal Jason Segel becomes his faux bud, this could be bromantic fun.



State of Play

Hollywood heavyweights Russell Crowe and Ben Affleck breathe the big-screen life into this acclaimed BBC drama, which details the thrilling investigation into the suspicious death of a Congressman's mistress.



Old Dogs

Robin Williams and John Travolta star in this flick about aging bachelors plucked from their party lifestyle when one of them learns he's the father of seven-year-old twins. Liked *Three Men and a Cradle*? Then you deserve this.



(New) Yankee Stadium

Club president Randy Levine claims the new digs "will be the most spectacular, fan-friendly stadium ever built." But will pricey beers and 4,000 fewer seats make watching the Bombers at home in HD a better bet?





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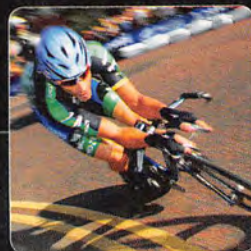
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TOUR DE FORCE

Forget the Ferrari: This summer's hot wheels demand pedal power.

➡ When the Tour de France opens this month, Team High Road (the "clean" team) will be cranking out of the gates on a ride as revolutionary as rocking the yellow jersey without a bunch of needle marks showing. They'll pedal the TCR Advanced SL Team prototype, a frame cooked up by Giant's in-house composite lab from a new carbon fiber just declassified by the Chinese military. The hand-built design features a squared-away downtube that provides an extra-stiff ride for better power transfer; the next-gen frame, starting with a single spool of thread, keeps weight to an ultralight 15.4 pounds. You like? Start saving. When it hits stores in late summer, it'll set you back six grand. giant-bicycles.com



It's hip to be square...tubed.



SUPER FLY

Rapper, actor, and mayhem maker DMX on his fleet of radio-controlled machines.

How many RC toys do you have?

I've got about 40—at least 20 helicopters, a few airplanes, and a lot of cars.

What's the most you've spent on one?

I have a custom-made miniature drag racer that cost \$2,500. It goes 140 miles an hour. It's got a fiberglass body and a working parachute that I haven't deployed. Once I get it going that fast, I hit one rock and the car's gonna flip.

How did you get into this?

One of my old security guards told me about this stuff. When I was a kid, nobody in my family

had a car. And I didn't have many toys. The only toys I had were the ones I would steal.

Do you need a license to fly these?

Yeah, because they take off like real planes, and they go 120 miles an hour. They could kill somebody. If one of these planes comes down and hits you, it's a wrap.

Any interest in getting a real pilot's license?

No, because I don't want to crash a plane. I just wanna do like normal people do: sit on my ass in the back of the plane and let the pilot fly the damn thing.

Are you the only rapper you know with this hobby?

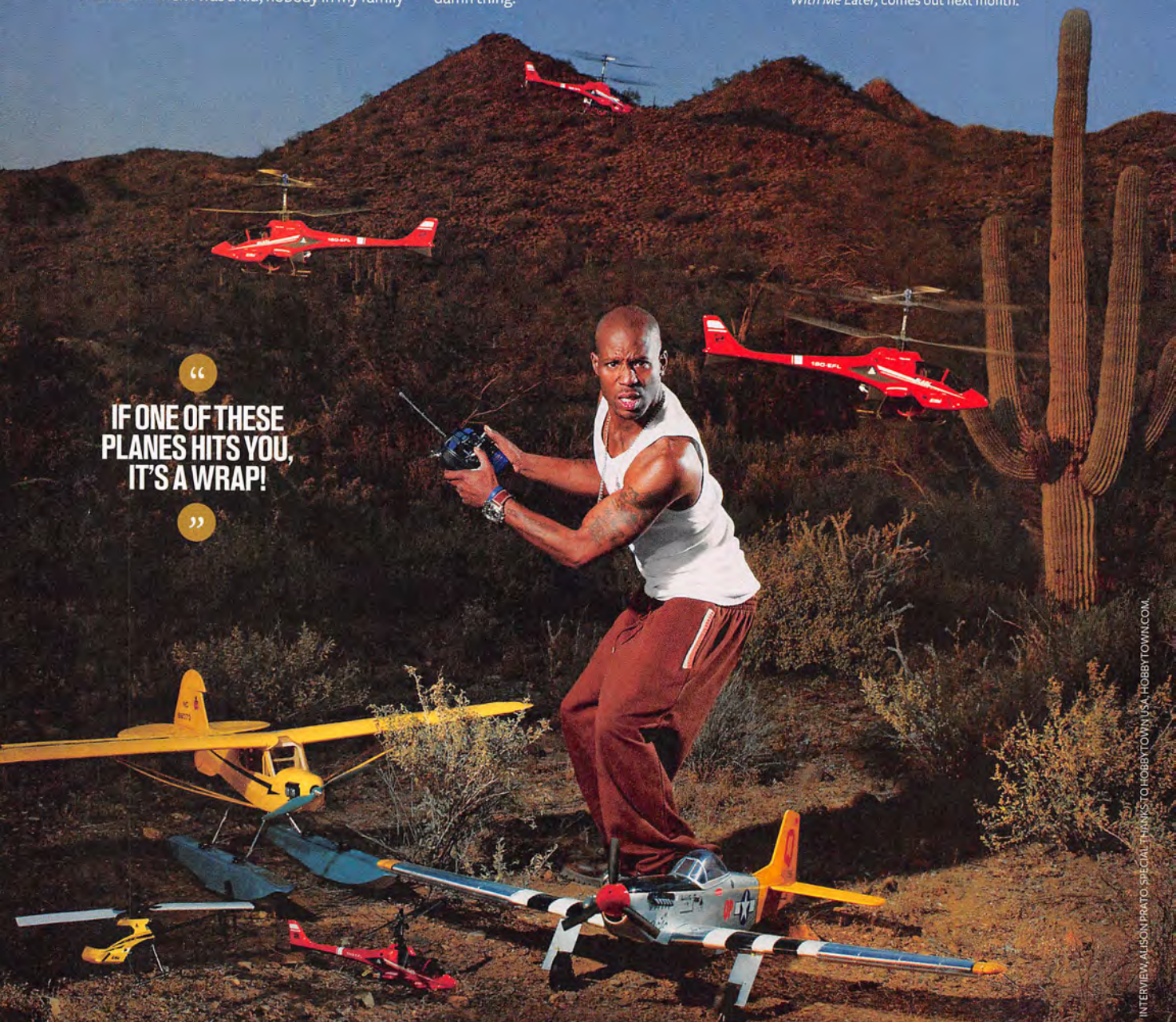
I think I used to be, but I turned a lot of rap artists on to remote-control toys and actually bought them their first cars—Method Man, Redman, Ludacris, that girl from *The Sopranos*.

Meadow?

Yeah, she and I did a movie together, and I bought her a car. She enjoyed it, but she couldn't drive the thing for shit.

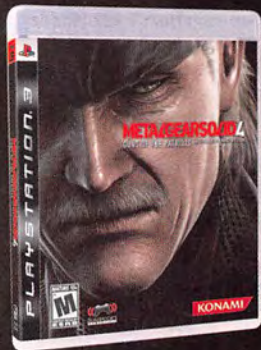
DMX's new album, *Walk With Me Now and You'll Fly With Me Later*, comes out next month.

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ESRB CONTENT RATING www.esrb.org	
Online Interactions Not Rated by the ESRB	

BLADES OF GLORY

Any blender should mix a great margarita—but which of these is tough enough to make mulch?



1 BIG TALKER

Blendtec Total, \$400

Lowdown: YouTube promo vids show this 1,500-watt beast mincing hockey pucks, TV remotes, and iPhones. We had high hopes.

Margarita mash: The Blendtec turned a pitcher of ice into margar-ready slush in just nine seconds. When getting a group of former Tri Delt's smashed, seconds matter.

BBQ express: She dusted our potato chips, tore through a burger, then made oatmeal of our chicken drumsticks. But at a seriously ear-splitting volume.

Meet your mulcher: At top speed the Total ran hot and whined like a punched baby. But true to the hype, it turned wood into little more than dust in two minutes.

Verdict: Low marks for finesse, high marks for blending weird shit.

RATING ●●●●○

2 BLIZZARD FROM OZ

Breville Die Cast, \$300

Lowdown: Hailing from Australia, the Breville humps a 1,000-watt motor and boasts a sweet tech-minimal look with light-up buttons.

Margarita mash: Fourteen seconds: not the quickest, but the best. This chopper created light, flaky, marg-perfect crystals.

BBQ express: Aces. The Breville was the only unit to blend a burger without our having to cut it into cutesy baby bites first.

Meet your mulcher: The Breville's six blades did a slow grind on some wood, and then it decided to shut off before the job was done. When the lid came off, several chunks and sticks had been spared.

Verdict: The smart, pricey Breville is a beast in the kitchen but a wuss when facing backyard waste.

RATING ●●●●○

3 THE THROWBACK

Osterizer Beehive, \$100

Lowdown: This chromed-out classic features a two-speed, 500-watt motor and is a fave of toothless grandmas everywhere.

Margarita mash: An admirable 12 seconds—color us impressed.

BBQ express: The old dame puréed some potato chips and a hamburger—with a lot of shaking involved—then barely chewed up the chicken bones we fed her.

Meet your mulcher: Our tester poured a sack of wood chunks, sticks, and compost into the carafe. A couple of minutes and one faint burning smell later, over half of it was dust—not too bad.

Verdict: The Oster doesn't hit for power. But factor in its low price, small size, and clean cut looks and it's the David Eckstein of blenders.

RATING ●●●●○

4 BORN TO SHRED

Vita-Mix 5200, \$450

Lowdown: A sidekick to sous chefs everywhere, this model has blades that spin from 11 to 240 mph, enabling it to do things like make ice cream and grind grain.

Margarita mash: A violent, snappy 11 seconds.

BBQ express: Chips and drumsticks were nearly liquefied, but due to its narrow base our tester had to feed the burger in chunk by chunk like a mama bird to help the Vita-Mix digest it.

Meet your mulcher: This blender never claimed it could compost, yet it obliterated its meal in half the time of the Blendtec.

Verdict: Variable speed and power should make the Vita-Mix the choice of food-processing fiends—and landscapers—everywhere!

RATING ●●●●●

OUR SCIENTIFIC METHODS

Margarita mash: How many seconds would it take each machine to turn a carafe full of ice into slosh-perfect slush?

Drink BBQ express: Why stop to eat? We wanted to see which machine would liquefy burgers, potato chips, and drumsticks the best.

Meet your mulcher: Chopping up chicken bones proved pretty easy, so we upped the ante by composting yard waste. *Maxim's* gone green!



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The Beach Machine



- ① **Hummer H3T**
Care more about good times than gas prices? Throw your gear in the bed of the H3T and hit the beach. Though Hummer's first pickup still has the brutish styling of its battle-ready Humvee cousins, it's actually smaller than a full-size pickup. Hummer engineers can't bend time and space, so that means the bed is a relatively modest five feet long. But still, that's enough room for your surfboard, sand castle molds, and water wings for all your closest friends.

SPEC CHECK

Price:	\$32,000 (est.)
Engine:	3.7-liter, 242 hp I-5
Torque:	242 lb.-ft.
0-60 mph:	Not available
Top speed:	99 mph

The Urban Explorer



- ② **Smart Fortwo Passion Cabriolet**
Forget the Smart's superthrifty gas mileage—the snub-faced minicar's most valuable asset, like a cute little tiny puppy's, is its ability to attract the curiosity of the ladies. After they hop in, reassure your female admirers that the Smart is plenty safe thanks to its NASCAR-inspired cabin construction, then offer to demonstrate how much fun it is to deploy the fully automatic soft top at any speed. The best part? There's no room for that hot girl's boyfriend.

SPEC CHECK

Price:	\$16,600
Engine:	1.0-liter, 71 hp 3-cylinder
Torque:	68 lb.-ft.
0-60 mph:	13.3 seconds
Top speed:	92 mph

Car computation: Ford Flex



Four woodie-inspired grooves + one chrome grill + two-tone roof = Mini, maxed?



The New Woodie

3 Ford Flex

Before station wagons became soccer-brat mobiles, they were the preferred mode of transport for the guys who invented surfing (uh, not counting all the native Hawaiians). Some of that DNA now resides in the nearly 17-foot-long Ford Flex, which can haul seven people while keeping them entertained with amenities like a chilled storage compartment, four skylights, and the Microsoft-powered Sync communication system. Surf's up! (As are shark attacks, fyi).

SPEC CHECK

Price: \$28,300
Engine: 3.5-liter, 262 hp V-6
Torque: 248 lb.-ft.
0-60 mph: 9.0 seconds
Top speed: 109 mph



The Mobile Throne

4 Jaguar XKR Portfolio

Drop the top and cruise through traffic in the new Jaguar XKR Portfolio convertible and one thing's for certain: Other drivers will hate your stupid rich face. Upgrades from the lowly XKR include bigger, badder brakes and a lusher interior and, if you're looking to drown out your broker's tedious yammering, a 5.1 surround-sound system mated to Bowers & Wilkins speakers. Is it all worth an extra 12 grand? If you had to ask, you can't afford it anyway.

SPEC CHECK

Price: \$102,000
Engine: 4.2-liter, 416 hp V-8
Torque: 413 lb.-ft.
0-60 mph: 4.9 seconds
Top speed: 155 mph (limited)

He said **She said:** the results



Clueless about how to care for your skin?

Luckily we're friends with some very hot girls—AXE Skin Contact Trainer Stacy Keibler and a panel of Cosmopolitan readers*—who were happy to tell us what turns them on and what turns them off when it comes to skin-on-skin contact.

50%

of respondents said a guy's gotta have **great, touchable skin.**



The other 50% probably ambush their boyfriends with fruity lotion every couple of days. Don't let this happen to you.

4%

Only 4 percent of girls say a guy's skin **isn't that important** to them.

It doesn't take a math genius to figure out those aren't good odds—especially if your skin is flakier than your morning toaster strudel.

6%

Only 6 percent of girls wait for a guy to figure out **what turns them on.**

The other 94 percent show him or “drop subtle hints.” Guys: Need a not-so-subtle hint? Get thee to a drugstore and pick up some AXE Skin Contact Shower Gel.

54%

of girls think their guy's skin is **rough and dry**, or just okay—with room for improvement.

Trust us: You don't want to explain to your buddies on poker night that you got dumped because of your dry skin.



To get the full survey results, go to **axe.maxim.com**

*Cosmo U.S. reader panel survey based on 2,002 respondents.

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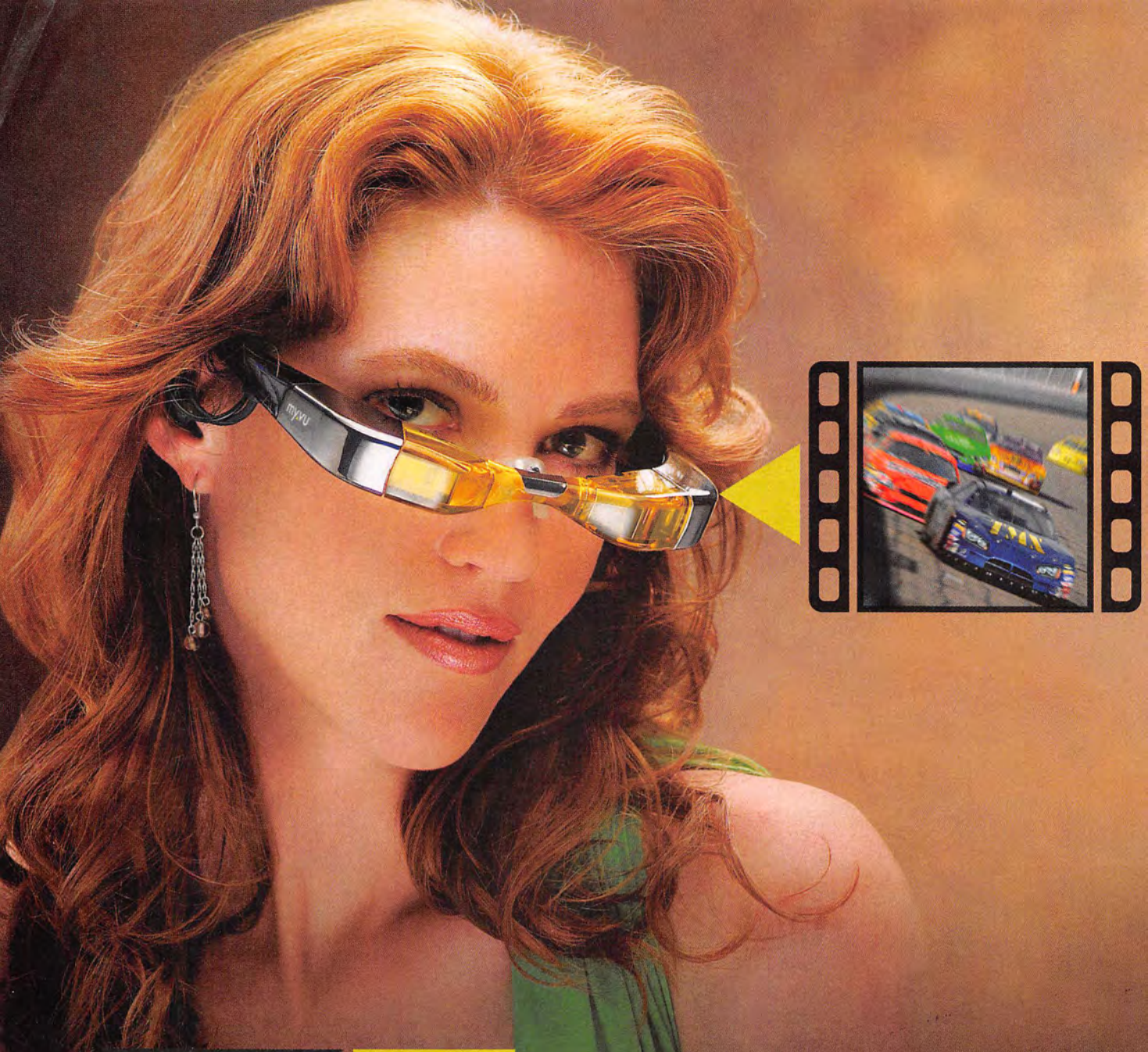
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Confessions of Dangerous Minds

Women spill their deepest, darkest sexual fantasies—and how to bring them to life.

Back when I was 20, the Internet taught me everything I never knew about taboo sex, bizarre fetishes, and obscure fantasies. It all happened when my roommates introduced me to a handful of disturbing (and disturbingly encyclopedic) sites that showed me that some people got off on the idea of playing with excrement, some fantasized about sex with chickens, and still others desperately wanted to be tied up with rubber hoses. It seemed like a twisted and sometimes unsanitary world, but my eyes were opened to the notion that the mind-body connection works in mysterious ways: Even the most depraved thoughts can bring pleasure.

Sexual fantasies, of course, are a normal part of life. In our minds, we can engage in risky behavior without consequences and indulge our inner freak without judgment. But if regular girls like me aren't exactly stimulated by *enemaerotica.com*, what are we thinking about while we're getting down and dirty? To find out, I convinced dozens of women to reveal their most taboo sexual desires. It's time you learned what she's really thinking about during sex, why she's thinking it, and what it says about her. Then you can decide whether to make her wildest fantasies come true—or run!

Her Fantasy: Girl-on-Girl

Congratulations! Turns out your ultimate fantasy is one of hers as well. But before you bring your female assistant home for a threesome, take note that you're rarely included in this mental picture. One woman described a scenario she masturbates to: "I fantasize that I'm at the gym, alone in the steam room with a beautiful woman. Without talking, we let our towels fall and then start kissing, rubbing, and licking each other until we get off."

What's the allure? Most girls believe another woman would instinctively understand their bodies and know how to bring them to orgasm. "I can so easily make myself come," says Alyssa, 26. "I imagine another woman could do the same. Plus, it's exciting to imagine how soft and different a woman's body parts would feel



We don't care how she looks, cheating at pin the tail on the donkey is not cool.

versus a man's." If it all sounds a little too Sapphic, rest easy; your girlfriend is probably not a closeted lesbian. More likely, her girl-on-girl fantasy is just an expression of her desire to do something taboo but not totally outrageous.

Your reality: To reiterate—bringing another woman home is, generally, a bad idea. (Sorry!) But you can bring her fantasy into the bedroom with dirty talk. "My ex would let me pretend a gorgeous girl was with us during sex," says Beth, 30. "I'd tell him what I imagined myself doing to her or what she was doing to me. Just verbalizing it made me come in seconds."

Kink alert: ●●●●● She's adventurous but not scarily over-the-top. What do you want—some kind of splashing freak?

Her Fantasy: Sex With a Stranger

You may stroll down the street and imagine screwing every girl you see, but for women this fantasy feels much more illicit. Whereas you're expected to be a horn-dog, we're supposed to be chaste and prim. But we don't always want to be. "At restaurants, I always fantasize about having a quickie in the bathroom with the best-looking waiter," says Sasha, 29. "I love the notion of spontaneity combined with the idea that it's someone I'll never see again. It seems like the freedom to be as dirty as you want."

The stranger-sex fantasy is rarely about tender lovemaking. In the time it takes a woman to glance at a passerby, she envisions hard-and-fast sex, no names exchanged, him press- ➤

ing her against a wall in an alley. Theoretically, it's the perfect scenario: a quick no-strings orgasm, and no worrying whether we're skanks.

Your reality: The easiest way to approximate this fantasy is role-play. "I've heard about couples who pick a meeting place and then act like it's the first time they've met," says Sasha. "They use fake names, maybe the woman even wears a wig or a disguise. I'd be really into it."

Kink alert: ●●●●● She's either got a very healthy appetite for sex or a bad case of ADD.

Her Fantasy: Submission

While many women love to take control in bed, just as many, or more, are enticed by the idea of being rendered completely powerless. "I envision a guy tying me up and having his way with me," says Laura, 25. "It's not a violent thing; I have no desire to have a man force himself on me. It's about succumbing to pleasure." In fact, total submission is one of the most common female fantasies. "Many women are raised to think sex is wrong, so enjoying it can cause a lot of guilt," explains Drew Ramsey, Ph.D., a psychiatrist at Columbia University Medical Center. "This way, it's not something the woman is doing, but something that's being done to her."

Erica, 26, likes to picture her boyfriend tying her up and even using a blindfold or a gag. "I enjoy the thought of him using my body for his pleasure," she says. "I imagine being helpless and unable to move while he goes from my mouth to my breasts to wherever."

Your reality: Get out some neckties and go to town, big guy! Just keep things from getting too rough—being tied up understandably makes some women feel anxious. To make her feel secure, establish an unambiguous "safe word" that she can call out if she feels uncomfortable: "fork," "thunder," "Hey, asshole, get off me."

Kink alert: ●●●●● Sure, she's letting you use her. But if she's tied up, aren't you the one doing all of the work?

Her Fantasy: Sex for Show

Even the most timid girl dreams of being a sex star at some point. The idea of having an audience during sex provides a huge ego boost. "Fundamentally, this fantasy is about exhibitionism," says Ramsey. "There's a sense of power that can be derived from seducing someone at a distance." Jaycee, 28, has a recurring fantasy about her boyfriend secretly hiding his two best friends in the closet to watch the couple have sex: "I think about them being so turned on they open the door to get a better view." Kristin, 26, even leaves the curtains open while she masturbates to indulge her fantasy. "I like to picture some guy right outside, watching me and beating off. Of course, if there really were a guy outside my window, I'd die of a heart attack."

Your reality: The easiest way to simulate being watched is to substitute a camera lens for the human eye. Just be sure to keep the footage well hidden (labeling it "Mindy's Bat Mitzvah '07" will ensure nosy house-sitters don't get a free show). "I wanted the feeling of being watched, so I asked my boyfriend to tape me," says Maggie, 25. "When we watched it, I got so turned on we had to do it again right then."

Kink alert: ●●●●● Very hot. But look out for a familiar face next time you're on YouPorn.

Her Fantasy: Sex with Multiple Men

That is, multiple men at once, not multiple men over a lifetime—sorry, pal. While you might translate this fantasy to mean your girlfriend is, well, kind of a slut, you'd be missing the mark entirely. "This fantasy is really about being adored," says Ramsey. "In this scenario, the woman is a sexual idol." Chelsea, 31, explains: "The thought of gangbangs turns me on because I love the idea of being so desirable that five guys are salivating over me. Half the time I'm having sex with my boyfriend, I close my eyes and imagine there are four other well-endowed men waiting in line." Alison, 27, has

a recurring vision of an encounter in the woods with a group of men. "They lean me up against a tree and start peeling off my clothes. Then one of them takes me from behind while the others grab my breasts, massage my clit, and undress. For me, the nastier the fantasy, the better."

Your reality: Presumably, you're not too interested in letting a group of men have at your girlfriend. Her fantasy of maximum stimulation can be replicated, however, with the help of a few sextoy. "My husband and I always use a vibrator or butt plug during sex," admits Angela, 28. "They double or even triple the pleasure—just like having multiple partners would."

Kink alert: ●●●●● She's a little bonkers, but the sex is worth it—for a while.

Her Fantasy: Sex on the Farm


No, we're not talking about a roll in the hay with a cowboy. We're talking about sex with animals. Before you freak out—rest assured that most women who have this thought cross their minds don't actually want to bone Rover. According to Ramsey, bestiality fantasies are rooted in the idea of having sex with an object, where the emotions are one-sided. "People who have tremendous sexual drives sometimes feel other humans can't tolerate their intensity," he explains, "so they turn to the next best thing—animals." Sara, 30, confesses: "I used to have a fantasy about a dog licking me down there. I know it sounds creepy, but I just thought its long tongue would feel way better than a human tongue." Um...yeah...of course.

Your reality: If you're willing to bring a live animal into your bedroom to satisfy your girlfriend, you should both seek intensive therapy. That said, you could try role-playing—Woof!—or dressing up as a furry. Or you could just buy her a copy of *Chicken Soup for the Horse Lover's Soul* and give her a few moments of privacy.

Kink alert: ●●●●● Off the charts. Time to call the ASPCA.

Dream Decoder

Do her fantasies mean she's crazy in bed or crazy in the head?

	ORGIES	DOMINATION	INCEST
HER CHILDHOOD WAS:	Lonely	Spent in a dungeon	Loving. Very loving
SHE DEALS WITH ANGER BY:	Conference-calling friends to "vent"	Hitting cats with sticks 	Pouting, crossing arms, stomping feet
SHE SEEKS MEN WHO:	Enjoy having an audience	Miss their mommies	Are related to her
HER CELEBRITY MODEL:	Jenna Jameson 	Madonna	Angelina Jolie 
YOU SHOULD:	Invite her softball team over	Spit out the ball gag and run	Is she Angelina Jolie? If not, split.



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The Natural

Frank Thomas is a big-time slugger with an attitude to match. But he may be baseball's last honest warrior.

Franks Thomas is sitting, I'm standing, and the words that escape my lips are probably a bit too honest. "You've always intimidated me," I tell him. He is, after all, a 6'5", 275-pound behemoth. A man whose nickname—the Big Hurt—is more warning than alias. And beyond the imposing physical presence, there's his reputation: Grumpy. Dismissive. A dickhead.

"Really?" says Thomas, the Oakland A's designated hitter, now in his 19th season. "You were actually scared of me?"

I'm beginning to feel foolish. Up close the person in front of me is about as threatening

as a pimple. He smiles easily, laughs softly. There's a real warmth about him. "Maybe the media misunderstands Frank because he's so large," says Sal Fasano, Thomas' former teammate with Toronto. "But I've gotta tell you—he's good people."

Not long ago the idea of a teammate standing up for Thomas was laughable. For years he was universally panned as a surly, selfish, me-first player. But now, in the twilight of his career, Frank Thomas is finally starting to be seen for what he is: one of the greatest hitters in baseball history (he is one of only four players ever to have at least a .300 average, 500 home runs, 1,500 RBI, 1,000 runs, and 1,500 walks) and

one of the few players of the modern era to do it all cleanly and with his honor intact.

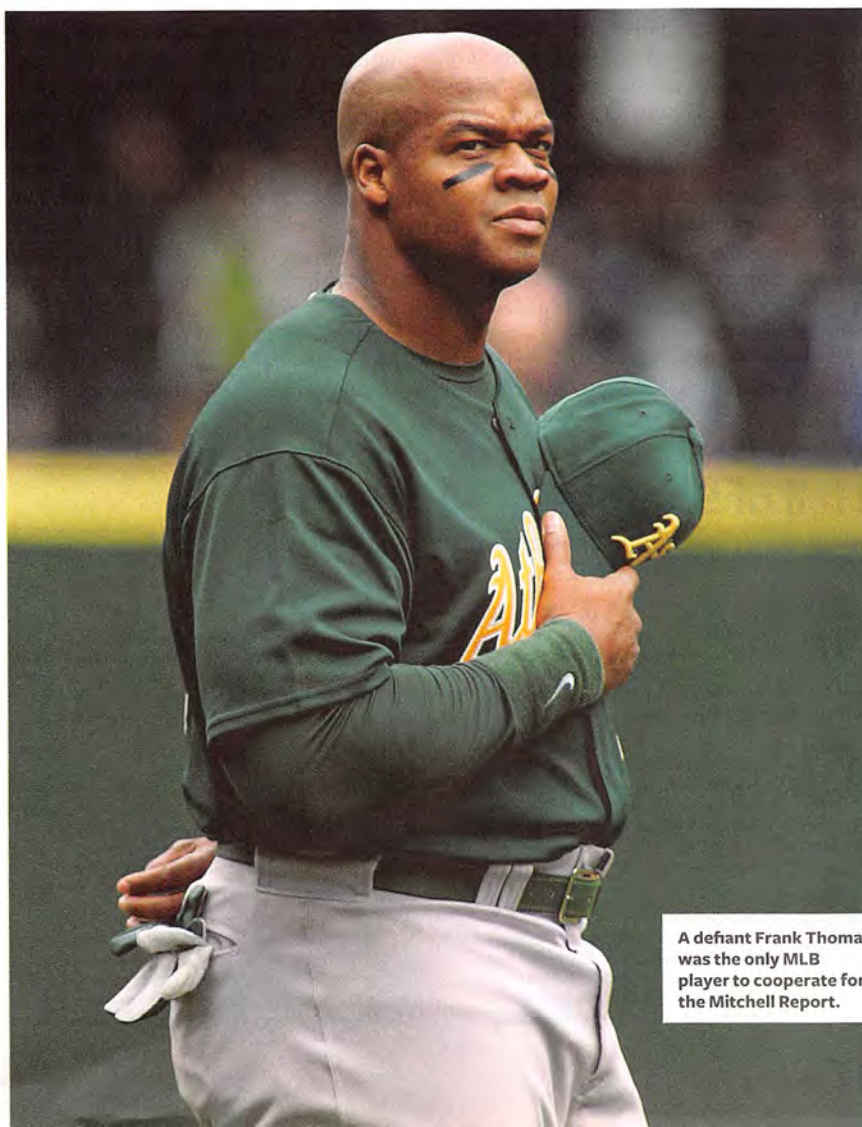
Last November, when Senator George Mitchell was preparing his landmark report on steroids in baseball, he requested interviews with five players who had spoken out publicly about performance-enhancing drugs, and who had never been suspected of using them. Four declined. Frank Thomas accepted—and became the only active major-league player to willingly cooperate with the investigation. The reasoning was simple. "I'm completely innocent," says Thomas. "I haven't cheated, I haven't considered cheating. I'm all natural and always have been. So why should I hide and protect the players who cheated? I'm thrilled to say to the world—I'm clean! Believe in me!" In the shattered universe of Major League Baseball, where numbers do lie, and bulging muscles are regarded with increasing suspicion, a disappointed public and a humbled league might be ready to do just that.

Pomp and Circumstance

During Thomas' early years with the Chicago White Sox, many believed he was the embodiment of the brooding, petulant modern ballplayer. He would pore over the individual statistical sheets after every game; whine about teammates who failed to score from second on his singles; sulk after 0-4 performances, even if the Sox triumphed. Within the Chicago locker room, the five-time All-Star was scornfully tabbed "Stat Man." "All baseball players are interested in their numbers as a gauge," he says. "Somehow that made me evil."

Thomas put up gaudy numbers, even won back-to-back American League MVP awards in 1993 and 1994; but he was gradually overshadowed by players with sunnier dispositions. Why couldn't he be more like Mark McGwire or Sammy Sosa or Jason Giambi—equally prolific sluggers who showed outward joy and a desire to win above all else? Why couldn't Frank Thomas be a good guy?

In hindsight there is the irony—this issue of morality and what we perceived it to be. We embraced McGwire because he broke Roger Maris' single-season home run record with smiles and tears. Sosa pulled off the same feat while reminding us of a cuddly little Latin teddy bear. Giambi joked with reporters in a wink-wink, nod-nod, I'd-fuck-that-chick sort of way. So what if all three cartoonishly gar- ➤



A defiant Frank Thomas was the only MLB player to cooperate for the Mitchell Report.



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SPORTS

gantuan men were gutting the sport? So what if it now seems they were lying out of their asses? We liked them, so we didn't question them. They were good and moral and decent.

Now, as it turns out, the most honorable of them all was the one who whined, brooded, and—reputation be damned—stayed true to himself. Thomas' decision to spend 50 minutes with Mitchell required courage and confidence uncommon in the average lapdog ballplayer. As soon as it learned of Mitchell's plan, the MLB Players' Union strongly encouraged its members not to cooperate. As could have been predicted, 99.9 percent robotically complied. But Thomas was mortified. "Why do the guys like myself who haven't used have to protect those who did?" he says. "Why do we have to hide? The union put a lot of guys in uncomfortable positions."

According to Thomas, he didn't name names. ("[Mitchell] just asked if I'd seen or heard anything," he told reporters in February. "I said no.") But he has no regrets about his decision to participate.

The Legend and the Fall

Behind Thomas' sentiment is an unambiguous message: Why should I take a bullet for the men who fucked up my legacy? Indeed, if there is one player who has been injured by the indefensible choices of PED users, it is Frank Thomas.

In the mid-'90s, Thomas and Seattle's Ken Griffey Jr. were the kings of the sport, destined to rule well into the early 2000s. Yet within the ensuing couple of years, Thomas started to notice something odd: More and more peers arrived at spring training sprouting muscles atop muscles. Spindly middle infielders looked like Lou Ferrigno. Speedy corner outfielders turned into 30-home run mashers. One player chalked



Thomas at bat in the '06 ALDS. He hit .500 for the series.

up his 20-pound weight gain to "vitamins." "I began thinking that guys were just out-working me," Thomas says.

By the time McGwire and Sosa were mesmerizing the nation with their 1998 home run battle, Thomas was an afterthought. Though he slugged 29 home runs and drove in 109 runs for the '98 Sox, he failed to place in the top 20 of AL MVP voting, trailing four players, including winner Juan Gonzalez, who are specifically cited in the Mitchell Report.

That indignity was nothing compared to two years later, when Thomas enjoyed the best season of his career (a .328 average, 43 home runs, 143 RBI), yet lost out in the MVP voting to, of all people, Giambi. In an emotional press conference, the A's first baseman cried.

Hall of Shame

Baseball's steroids scandal has some former heroes looking like zeros.



Barry Bonds

Nine months after passing Hank Aaron's home run mark, Bonds received a revised indictment on 14 counts of perjury related to his 2003 grand jury testimony that he did not knowingly use steroids. Sir, your asterisk awaits.



Roger Clemens

ID'd by his own trainer in the Mitchell Report, the seven-time Cy Young winner demanded a Congressional hearing to clear his name. He was so convincing legislators recommended the Justice Department investigate him for perjury.



Mark McGwire

It's never been proved that McGwire used steroids, but his pathetically evasive testimony before Congress in 2005 pretty much answered the question: "I'm not here to talk about the past." Is that the sound of the Hall of Fame doors slamming?



Jason Giambi

In 2000 Giambi won the AL MVP award. In 2003 he told a grand jury he'd used steroids and injected himself with human growth hormone. Today his biceps have shrunk to human size, and so, shockingly, has his average—a whopping .181 at press time.



Rafael Palmeiro

With 500 home runs, Palmeiro was guaranteed entrance into the Hall. That is, until he wagged his finger at a 2005 Congressional hearing and emphatically stated, "I have never used steroids. Period." Then he tested positive five months later.



Jose Canseco

Baseball's resident sleazeball became the ultimate whistle-blower in 2006, estimating in his tell-all, *Juiced*, that 85 percent of the league was using PEDs. At first he seemed like a money-hungry loser, but now he looks more like baseball's Paul Revere.



The Big Hurt with suspected juicer Sammy Sosa in '01.

"This has been nothing but a fairy tale for me this year," Giambi told the reporters.

It was all a lie.

"Am I mad about that?" Thomas asks. "Well, I'm upset I didn't win it that year, but not because of the steroids. I'm upset because I was on a team picked by many to finish fourth in the AL Central and we won the division. That was as good as I've ever played, and I should have won. I wasn't happy about that."

But what about the steroids? "Doesn't matter," he says. "I'm naturally talented. I should beat guys like [Giambi] even if they do use."

Back on Top

At age 40, Frank Thomas is, if not quite the slugger of yesteryear, still pretty damn good. In 2005, when injuries limited him to 34 games, a .219 average, and 12 home runs, he was widely dismissed by the media as a thoroughbred ready for the glue factory. This belief was only heightened when the White Sox won the World Series with their iconic slugger on the bench, then paid \$3.5 million to buy out his contract.

With teams showing little interest in an apparently aging, injured, moody has-been, Thomas signed a one-year, \$500,000 deal with the A's. Expectations were minimal, but Thomas exploded, posting 39 home runs and 114 RBI and placing fourth in AL MVP voting.

Following the remarkable comeback season, he was wooed by Toronto GM J.P. Ricciardi. Thomas' two-year, \$18.2 million contract included a \$9.12 million signing bonus—the highest in team history. "You're talking about one of the greatest hitters the game has ever seen," says Ricciardi, explaining the Jays' offer. "He still puts fear in opposing pitchers."

Thomas had a solid 2007 season with the Blue Jays, finishing with 26 home runs and 95 RBI for a team that won 83 games and placed third in the AL East. But perhaps more important, the man with the reputation for sullenness actually became a clubhouse guru. "He's just a big teddy bear," says Vernon Wells, Toron-

to's star center fielder. "When Frank talks baseball, people listen. He'll help anybody."

Though his teddy bear status came into question last April, when he reportedly grumbled about limited playing time and the Blue Jays decided to release him, Thomas' value was quickly reestablished when he was snatched up four days later, again by the A's. "Bottom line, it's a risk worth taking," A's GM Billy Beane told reporters. "We had a great year from him [in 2006], and he was a great influence on the club. It would be foolish not to consider it."

If Thomas seems calm—even indifferent—to those responsible for illegally inflating their own numbers at the expense of his legacy, well, he sort of is. Thomas possesses a perspective lacking in many of his peers, an outlook dating back to his boyhood in Columbus, Georgia. It was Labor Day in 1977 when chubby little Frank, nine years old, noticed that Pamela, his 2½-year-old sister, kept standing up and falling down. "Quit kidding," he said to his favorite of six siblings. "Just stand up."

Two months later Pamela Thomas was dead of leukemia. "Death does something to you," says Thomas. "It's been a long time, but it was an important lesson about appreciating your life and living for each day. I think of Pamela all the time. Still hurts."

That pain resurfaced last November when Joe Kennedy, a Blue Jays pitcher and one of Thomas' closest friends, died suddenly from hypertensive heart disease at age 28. As soon as he heard the news, Thomas and his wife, Megan, flew to Florida to be with Jami Kennedy, Joe's widow. Over the ensuing weeks, Thomas chartered a plane for the Kennedy family, stayed up nights with Jami, and helped make the funeral arrangements. "He was amazing," says a friend of the family who requested anonymity. "Frank showed true compassion and generosity when it was needed most."

In a sense, that's also what he's doing in baseball. It would be easy for Thomas to slam Giambi, Sosa, and McGwire, to bitch and whine and insist he deserves more respect than his ethically deprived cohorts. "But I'm not going to do that," he says. "Right now baseball needs to heal and move on. Maybe some of these guys used because they needed money. Maybe they thought it was OK. I don't know. But I take pride in how I've handled myself and how I've done things the right way."

In fact, Frank Thomas is the model for baseball's rising drug-free sluggers—Ryan Howard, Prince Fielder, David Wright. "Frank Thomas was the prototype 21st-century hitter before people even knew what the prototype would look like," says Steve Cannella, a longtime baseball writer. "He took lots of pitches, got on base any way he could, and had an amazing eye. Plus, he's done it clean." Perhaps, Frank Thomas' legacy is stronger today than ever. Perhaps, in the end, he is legendary. ●

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MAXIM PRESENTS

VERIZON WIRELESS GIRL OF THE MONTH

THE SMOKIN' ERIN MCKINNON, Maxim's 2007 Hometown Hottie, gives us the scoop on fame, her texting habits, and her airport sanity tactics.

Q: What have you been up to since winning Maxim's 2007 Hometown Hottie?

A: I have been all over the place with appearances and photo shoots. Most recently I started traveling with a car show, which has been a blast!

Q: How has your life changed since winning Hometown Hottie?

A: I think the biggest change is my confidence level. I didn't think there was a shot in the world that I would ever win, and now that I have I am putting myself out there like never before.

“ I text everyone...now I just have to teach my dad how to text back! ”

Q: What do you most use your mobile phone for besides talking and texting—playing games, watching videos, listening to music, or taking pictures?

A: I listen to music on my phone all the time. I travel a ton, so it's nice that I can listen to music while I am sitting at the airport waiting for my plane. I don't have to carry my camera or MP3 player with me everywhere anymore, since my phone can do it all!

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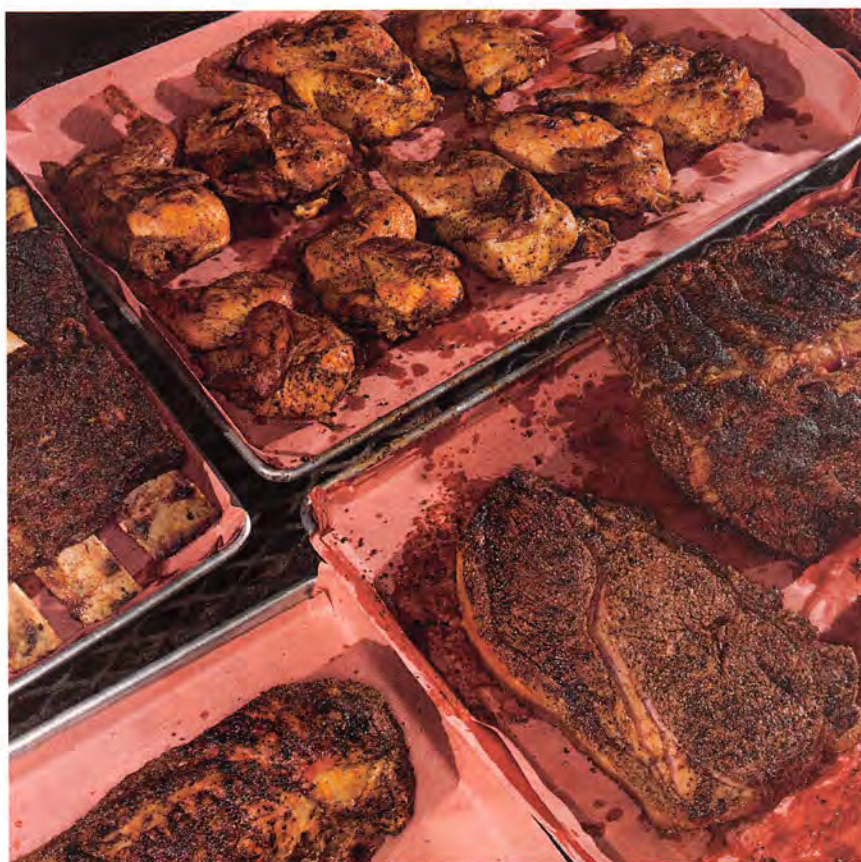
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Clockwise from left: A mid-morning snack in Texas; a man and his meat; un-skinny dipping.



Courage Under Fire

Becoming a pit master in Texas barbecue country takes guts, discipline, and maybe a fireproof suit.

Behind Cooper's Old Time Pit Bar-B-Que stand a pair of charred, metal silos. Several times a day, a worker deposits a four-foot-high stack of mesquite logs into one of the drums, then blasts it with a gas torch, sending flames 10 feet into the air. This is where the sacred art of barbecue begins.

I've come to Cooper's to learn the secrets behind one of the great mysteries of American cuisine, in a world where the tricks of the trade are closely guarded. In the hands of an expert pit master, tough, chewy brisket becomes succulent and flavorful; dry, mild pork, moist and savory. My question is: How? To find out I've persuaded the proprietors at Cooper's to make me their first-ever barbecue apprentice.

It took a little cajoling. Though Cooper's is basically a hut in the middle of nowhere—about 75 miles northwest of Austin in the tiny city of Llano, Texas (population: 3,325; stoplights: four)—it is a legendary meat mecca, routinely hailed as one of the country's best barbecue joints. Founded in 1953, it's become a des-

tination stop across the South; the restaurant keeps a van at the local airstrip to shuttle in 50 private plane loads of meat-seekers each week. It's even President Bush's favorite joint.

Naturally, the men of Cooper's aren't too eager to expose their time-honored methodology to imitators and impostors. But once I convinced them I wasn't a spy sent by a competitor, they agreed to grant me a four-day crash course in manning their hallowed pits. Standing before the silos, the blast of heat instantly baking my flesh, I began to wonder if learning about barbecue would be worth losing my face.

Day One: Seasoning

At 8 A.M. I'm met near the restaurant's outdoor barbecue pits by Terry Cooper, 40-year-old son of the restaurant's founder. "You're not wearing any clothes you mind getting ruined, right?" Terry asks. He hands me a pair of thin plastic gloves and, without any perfunctory speeches—no tour, no list of dos and don'ts, no overview of the curriculum—ushers me to a bare metal worktable. He plunks down a plastic tub of mystery seasoning. Next to it, he

drops another tub full of freshly cut, two-inch-thick pork chops, Cooper's signature item.

With his left hand Terry grabs a raw hunk of pig flesh, electric pink and gloriously marbled. With his right he scoops up a fistful of seasoning and toggles his wrist. The speckled mixture sprinkles out in a delicate shower, evenly coating the pork. I comment that the seasoning basically looks like salt and pepper. "Basically," he replies. When I ask what else is in it, I'm met with a slightly disturbing wink. Learning the secrets might be a bit tougher than I thought.

When my turn comes, I realize immediately that plastic gloves are no protection from the stabbing pain of meat-locker temperatures and jagged bits of bone. I shake out a fistful of seasoning, but not to the desired effect. My chop is spotted with gooey gray clumps. Several pit guys start peering over my shoulder. "It's like jerking off," whispers someone helpfully. An hour in and I'm a disappointment and a spectacle.

My official introduction to the staff begins at that morning's communal meal—a daily ritual, usually at nine, in which hunks of meat are pulled off the pits for the crew before ➤

customers start rolling in. Over slices of brisket that melt on my tongue, I meet 57-year-old Terry Wootan, who's owned the restaurant since 1992, and Kenny Oestreich, a 12-year Cooper's vet with a Corinthian leather complexion who oversees the pits. The rest of the crew is a cast of characters only rural Texas could produce.

Chief is a full-blooded Native American with a ponytail that stretches halfway down his back. He's not really a chief, but he doesn't seem to mind the un-P.C. moniker. James has been nicknamed Werewolf thanks to an excess of body hair. And then there's Wes, a.k.a. Junior, a gangly kid with a mangy goatee. For a while Junior lived in the cheap motel across the street, which gave his cohorts a clear view of the women who slipped out his door in the morning. "He actually got some OK-looking girls," Cooper confides. "I can't explain it."

Day Two: Grilling

No one here seems much interested in having a protégé, so I take the lead, approaching Oestreich at a freshly stoked pit for a cooking lesson. He holds one hand a few inches over the smoldering coals. "People always ask me what temperature their grill should be," he says. "Hell, I



don't know." At Cooper's, temperature is measured by feel. "I count," he continues. "One thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three—if I can still hold my hand there, it's not hot enough."

This method—cooking over live coals—is highly unusual in Texas. Here "barbecue" refers primarily to meat that's been smoked—cooked by heat that's pumped into the pit from an adjacent, fire-burning chamber. Yet at Cooper's, the meat is grilled. While purists argue it's nothing more than a glorified version of what average Americans do in their backyards, Cooper says the technique is rooted in tradition.

"Think of a bunch of cowboys sitting around an open fire," he says. "We cook the Old West way." The advantages, Cooper says, are twofold. One, everything cooks much faster; two, fat that drips down onto the glowing mesquite shoots back up to flavor the meat.

If this is fast cooking, I must be in a black hole. Pork chops take an hour. Chickens take an hour and 15 minutes. Prime rib takes two hours. The whole time, I'm just standing...waiting. One of the best-kept secrets of barbecue, it seems, is that it involves long stretches of excruciating boredom. These are punctuated by short periods of acute discomfort—flipping the meat as searing smoke stings your eyes.

As time passes—barely—Oestreich explains the different signs that a cut of meat is done. Pointing at a half chicken, he orders, "Pick it up and twist the leg." If the bone swivels easily in its socket, the bird is cooked. For pork ribs I jam a fork between two bones and twist it—if the ribs separate easily, I pull the slab off.

The famous pork chop requires closer examination. "You can tell it's done when the blood comes to the top," Oestreich says. "It's white and looks like fat." In fact, it really looks like a collection of tiny tendrils poking through the meat's surface. They remind me of worms, but they're part of what makes the pork burst with salty juices in every bite. After a few sandwiches of sliced chop on white bread, the sight of those worms makes my mouth water.

Day Three: Brisket

I've given up showering before work; there's no point when you're about to spend the day bathing in smoke. Today I get to add to my aroma by sloshing around in beef juice.

Each raw, 4½-pound brisket comes vacuum-sealed. Following Chief's lead, I slash the packaging with a razor blade, then work my fingers into the cut, tearing the bag open and letting the wet meat flop onto the worktable. Murky reddish liquid splashes out with it, pooling on the table and overflowing onto my jeans. As the stack of marbled beef grows—50 briskets, unpacked and hefted till my wrists are sore—the juices flow in a gory river toward a drainage hole cut into the table's far end.

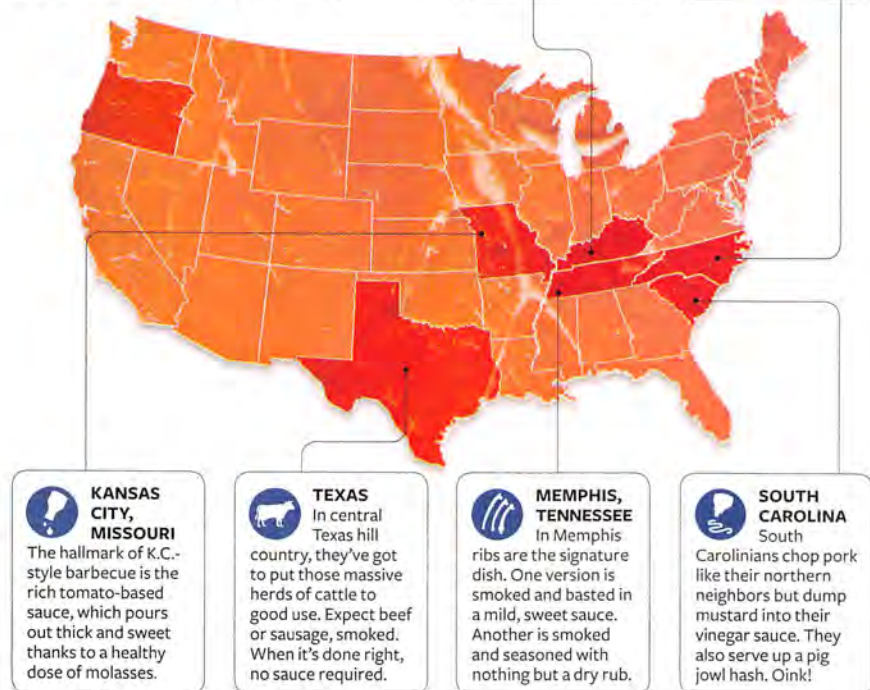
Chief starts grabbing briskets off the pile and dunking them in seasoning. Then he shoves them into the cooker to roast for five hours—half the time it takes to smoke a brisket. "Everything you hear and read says you have to cook a brisket 10, 12 hours," says Wootan. "We're just the opposite. We cook it fast to sear in the juices."

To see if the meat is done, I'm once again instructed to do it by feel. "You check briskets with a fork," Oestreich says. "It'll just slide right through them like butter."

A few hours and several brisket samples into the day, I actually feel drunk off the heady aroma of smoked beef. Maybe I'm starting to drift

One Nation, Under Meat

Depending what part of the country you're in, barbecue can mean many different things. Study up before you order—or incur the locals' wrath.



into some kind of meat coma. Or maybe I'm just starting to lose my mind.

Day Four: Hell

The weekend has arrived, and we gather for my final communal breakfast. Today it's sirloin, rare, dipped in the restaurant's signature sauce—a thin, tart tomato-and-vinegar potion that's simmered over the coals in giant vats while excess fat from grilled sirloins is tossed inside to percolate.

I'm told the Saturday lunch crowd is monstrous—we'll be serving about 1,000 people. While I'm eager to pitch in and man a pit, my friends at Cooper's have a different task in mind: moving embers from the burn silos to the pits. They've saved the worst for last.

Coals are transported using an eight-foot-long metal pole with a wide shovel secured to the end. Holding the pole and trying to control the shovel is like trying to dial a phone with a sledgehammer. I grasp the staff at the halfway point for leverage, but that presents a whole new problem: My grip puts me just four feet from the embers. Five seconds in, my face feels like it's actually melting *Raiders of the Lost Ark*-style and dripping down my cheeks. I rush to a

bathroom mirror, sure I'll see blisters bubbling up. But nothing. I look completely normal—if normal means soaked with sweat, covered in soot, and like I'm about to cry.

Barry Cooper, Terry's brother who'd been out of town earlier in the week, comes over to check on my progress. As we chat, he gives voice to what—after four days of labor—I have come to decide is the true secret of America's most hallowed barbecue halls. "I've got a neighbor with a smoker," he begins. "He's so proud of it, because by gosh, all you do is put on a little seasoning then come back four hours later and it's done. But you know what? It's the worst stuff you've ever tasted. It can't be that easy. If it were, everyone would be doing it."

Barbecue, as I've come to learn, is seasoned by sweat and discipline as much as by any dry rub. "It's hard work," Barry says. "It's hot and cold. People do it for a while, then they get tired. They get sloppy. They get lazy. You've gotten a little taste of what it's like behind the scenes here. Now think about doing that 363 days a year. There's nothing easy about it."

He's right. After my shift I happily turn in my apron. I'll enjoy barbecue for the rest of my life. But I never need to cook it again.



Where's the Beef?

Cooper's owner Terry Wootan explains how to make Texas brisket on the grill.

STEP ONE: SEASONING

Coat the brisket in salt, pepper, and a bit of garlic powder. "Salt brings out the natural juices," notes Wootan.

STEP TWO: SEARING

When the grill hits 275, slap the meat down. "The coals will be popping," Wootan says. Flip every 10–15 minutes.

STEP THREE: COOKING

After an hour, the meat should be browning. Cook and flip three to four more hours, dropping the temp to 250.

STEP FOUR: TESTING

To see if your brisket is done, jab it with your barbecue fork. "Twist the fork," Wootan says. "If you let go and it doesn't move, it's done. If that fork moves, it's not."*



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TWIST YOUR TECHNIQUE

Tenderize steak with a tangy dry rub that goes great with Miller Chill. Mix 3 tablespoons of chili powder, 3 tablespoons of grated lime peel, and 2 tablespoons of coarse sea salt. Sprinkle mixture evenly over steaks and refrigerate overnight.

Soak your veggies in cold water before they go on the grill so they don't dry out. Pat dry with a paper towel, brush with oil or butter, and grill over medium heat. Brush skewers with cooking oil or butter during cooking to prevent sticking.



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HOMEGROWN SUPERMODEL MARISA MILLER—NUMBER ONE IN MAXIM'S 2008 HOT 100—IS LIVING PROOF THAT YOU DON'T NEED A FOREIGN ACCENT TO BE CONSIDERED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD.





Kiki de Montparnasse panties
Jean Yu stockings



OUR SOLDIERS ARE STILL SLOGGING AWAY IN IRAQ, THE ECONOMY IS UNDERGOING A RECESSIONARY face-plant, and you need to take a second job to afford a tank of gas. But at least one key metric of national mojo is trending up: The All-American Girl is back with a vengeance. Last month

Santa Cruz, California-bred swimsuit seductress Marisa Miller topped the *Maxim* Hot 100, besting such otherworldly opponents as Jessica Biel and Scarlett Johansson. The honor capped a big few months in which Miller graced the cover of the *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Edition (for which she graciously donned body paint) and shot her first TV campaign for Victoria's Secret, where she's one of the top angels. In an age when supermodels hailing from Russia, Brazil, and other

far-flung locales have come to dominate the bombshell biz, Miller madness proves that our great country still produces the most gorgeous girls on the planet. How does the newest object of your obsessions feel about carrying the torch for an entire nation? "To be in the position of representing America is a great compliment," she exclaims with pride. In other words, it's Miller time!

CONGRATS ON THE HOT 100!

The women on that list are amazing, so to be on it for the first time and have this position is crazy. I'm not one to walk around and strut like Miss Thing, so I'm pretty humbled.

HOW GOOD DID IT FEEL TO BEAT OUT THE LIKES OF SCARLETT JOHANSSON?

I like how we talk about this like it's a sport!

OH, IT IS.

Well, beauty's in the eye of the beholder...It's all subjective. I'm kind of shy about it, but I'll take it.

HOW HAVE FANS REACTED TO ALL YOUR SUCCESSES?

Everyone has been stoked for me, which is sweet. There's some creepy stuff, though—stalkers and things. That's been a lesson, coming from a small, hippie-ish town where you can trust everyone. I realize I can't do that anymore.

WHAT WERE YOU LIKE IN HIGH SCHOOL?

Very athletic. I played volleyball and basketball. Most of my friends were guys. I would wear big T-shirts and baggy sweatshirts that hid my body. I had no awareness of how I looked. One day in wood shop, I was wearing a tank top, and my friend Jason was like, "Damn, Marisa, I didn't know you were hiding all that under there!" I was like, What? I didn't know I had big boobs.

DID JASON MAKE A MOVE?

I grew up with a scary dad who owns a construction company. He kept the guys away whether I wanted it or not.

THE MODELING WORLD MUST HAVE BEEN A BIT OF A SHOCK.

It was. I dabbled in modeling at 18, and I didn't like it. I was experiencing all the stereotypes you hear about modeling and photographers, which I didn't want to deal with, so I quit and got a job managing a surf school. But somebody at a New York agency showed a picture of me to Mario Testino, who came down to the beach to meet me while he was in town on a shoot. I had no idea he was such a big deal.

CARE TO KNOCK DOWN ANY STEREOTYPES ABOUT MODELS? THERE'S A COMMON PERCEPTION THAT THEY'RE ALL DITZES.

So untrue. Look at the industry; some of the most intelligent businesswomen are models. To compete with the celebrities, you have to understand branding. Think about Cindy Crawford and Tyra Banks. They've built empires from a job that is basically ridiculous.

WHAT'S YOUR FIRST BRAND EXTENSION GOING TO BE?

I'm coming out with my own set of body paints! Joking. I'm really excited about a line of shoes I'm doing with Vans.

WHAT ELSE DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE NOT POSING?

I surf a lot, and I love Led Zeppelin and Guns n' Roses.

DESPITE YOUR TASTE IN MUSIC, YOU SEEM LIKE A GOOD GIRL.

I definitely like to have fun, but when I get a little crazy, I make sure it's done behind closed doors.

I HEAR YOU'VE RECENTLY TAKEN UP BOXING?

I'm not a violent person, but it's been kind of eye-opening. It feels good to punch something.

EVER TAKE A BAD HIT? THAT'S YOUR CAREER ON THE LINE!

I got hit in the lip, but luckily it was in the middle, so it was an even bump. My trainer knows what I do for a living.

IS THERE A HIERARCHY WHEN IT COMES TO THE VICTORIA'S SECRET ANGELS?

Everyone has her thing, you know? Adriana Lima is the über-sexy girl; Alessandra Ambrosio is the beautiful, fun, flirty one; and I'm the all-American California girl. We all have our time to shine. There's no pecking order.

NOT EVEN A LITTLE HEALTHY COMPETITION?

Sometimes with models, you definitely feel cattiness and immaturity, but I just ignore it. It comes from being insecure or new or not knowing their place. If you give that girl a smile and a hug, all that goes away immediately.

SOUNDS VERY MATURE. SO HOW DO YOU PLAN TO GET RID OF HEIDI KLUM?

Ha! Heidi's my big sister. I'm not getting rid of her, no way.

DO YOU LIKE BEING KNOWN AS THE ALL-AMERICAN GIRL?

I love it. I think in the '80s and early '90s, we had major American icons with Cindy and Christie Brinkley and Stephanie Seymour. The past 10 years we haven't really had that.

GIVEN AMERICA'S REPUTATION LATELY, IT'S A TOUGH JOB.

Well, hopefully I put a lighter spin on everything.

YOU HAVE A VERY HEALTHY ATTITUDE.

Look, I know I'm in the entertainment business. If I can put a smile on someone's face, that's what it's all about. For people to take it too seriously is ridiculous.





Cadolle Creation bodysuit
Grey Ant bustier



Coco de Mer bra and panties
Luciano Padovan shoes

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is lying on her side on a large, ornate chair with a yellow upholstered back and seat. She is wearing a dark green, strapless, low-cut top with a small bow detail. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The chair has a highly decorative, carved wooden frame. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

“
WHEN I GET A LITTLE CRAZY,
I MAKE SURE IT'S DONE BEHIND
CLOSED DOORS.
”



Fleur T bra and panties

STYLING, JEWELS AT THE WALL GROUP; HAIR, JONATHAN HANOUSEK FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; BIOLOGIE, MAKEUP, CHRISTY COLEMAN AT THE WALL GROUP; PROP STYLING, DAVID ROSS FOR ART MIX BEAUTY; ROSE-PETAL STILL, SATOSHI, MARISA MILLER REPRESENTED BY CARTEL MANAGEMENT.



Kiki de Montparnasse bra
Kaviar and Kind jewelry

2008's Global Goddesses

MARISA MILLER MAY BE AMERICA'S TRUE TOP MODEL, BUT THERE IS AN ELITE CLIQUE OF **INTERNATIONAL SWIMSUIT SIRENS** WHO ARE ON THE VERGE OF BECOMING HOUSEHOLD NAMES. MEET MAXIM'S DREAM TEAM.



THE CHOSEN ONE BAR REFAELI

Combining girl-next-door innocence with sizzling sex appeal, this daughter of Israeli horse ranchers left the stables for the catwalk when she was 15. Now she's jumping to the big screen as the star of *Session*, a thriller about one man's sick obsession with—you guessed it—our favorite kosher cutie.



THE BEAUTIFUL BLEND JESSICA GOMES

The ultimate sexy cocktail might go something like this: the Asian allure of Singapore, the Latin heat of Portugal, and the sunny vibes of the land down under. No wonder this ethnically mixed 22-year-old Aussie was one of the lucky (for us) few who wore body paint in this year's *SI* Swimsuit Edition.

THE BRAZILIAN BOMBSHELL

ANA BEATRIZ BARROS

She's been a top-tier model for several years, but now Ana is on the cusp of catching the reigning Brazilian supes, Gisele Bündchen and Adriana Lima. The 26-year-old temptress with heart-stopping hazel eyes won the Brazilian Elite Model Look contest way back in 1996. Since then her portfolio has only gotten more impressive, as a Victoria's Secret Angel and the face of Guess. Now, if only we could learn to speak Portuguese!

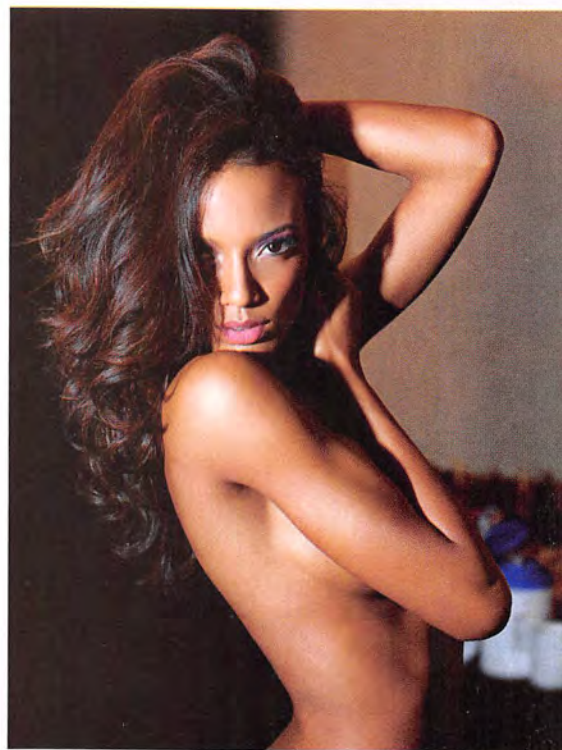




THE RISING STAR

BROOKLYN DECKER

A few things you should know about this 21-year-old stunner: She's not named after the New York City borough, but after a family horse named Brook; she loves to cook; she's not big on sappy displays of affection, but as a superstar swimsuit model, she is big on displays of just about everything else. And there are just some of the 3,254 reasons why we love her. (Minus the fact that she's engaged to tennis chump Andy Roddick.)



THE CARIBBEAN QUEEN

SELITA EBANKS

This Cayman Islands native might be voted the most-wanted Victoria's Secret sweetie by the NFL. She's been linked to both Tom Brady and Tony Romo, and her current beau is her most menacing yet: Giants All-Pro defensive end Osi Umenyiora, who could make you cry just by growling at you.



THE RAVISHING RUSSIAN

ANNE V.

Hands-down the hottest Russian model working today, this 22-year-old Victoria's Secret sexpot was seemingly born to be photographed in a bikini. "I wanted to be a model since I was little, playing with Barbies," she says. But, really, you wanna know her last name, right? OK, fine. It's Vyalitsyna.

THE CZECH MATE

KAROLINA KURKOVA

This Czech Republic native has a healthy outlook on life: "Mother Nature made me the way I am, and I should be happy." And you know what? We're happy, too! She was one of the youngest models ever to appear on the cover of *Vogue* and has been making runways a sexier place since 2000. Next up for the ridiculously gorgeous Eastern European import is a role in the live action G.I. Joe film, slated for 2009. Fingers crossed she plays Snow Job.








DARK KNIGHT RISING



FROM BATMAN TO SIN CITY TO 300, GEEK GOD FRANK MILLER IS FAST BECOMING HOLLYWOOD'S PRINCE OF DARKNESS.

BY LOGAN HILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3 ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL SIENKIEWICZ



"HE IS THE HERO. HE IS EVERYTHING." The man speaking sounds and looks like an evil archnemesis, the kind of nutso-obsessive who sits at the head of a long conference table like this one and calls for the head of Superman. "I am absolutely dedicated to finding him," he says. Dressed in bad-guy black from the tip of his fedora to the toe of his scuffed sneakers, he is skeletally gaunt and pale, with a scraggly gravedigger's beard. He gestures with long fingers so bony and crooked you fear they might shoot off electric sparks. "My whole career is built around my search for the hero," he says, arching one eyebrow comically high over a bugged-out, bloodshot eye. "I'm dedicated to figuring out what a hero is."

Intense? Absolutely. Disturbing? Sure. But he's on our side—as dark a knight as Bruce Wayne. After all, Frank Miller is the comics icon who forced Batman to become, as he puts it, "the badass son of a bitch he always should have been" in *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*. ("They finally got the title right," he says of Warner Bros.' new movie.) Stephen King called Miller's über-influential deconstruction of *Batman* "probably the finest piece of comic art ever published." That was 22 years ago, when Miller, along with *Watchmen* creator Alan Moore, changed the course of comics forever. But he was just getting warmed up.

Sitting in the heart of Miller's not-so-secret Hollywood lair at Odd Lot Entertainment—a few yards away from a startlingly realistic copy of his own severed head—the artist-writer-director-auteur repeats his favorite Raymond Chandler quote: "He is the hero. He is everything." Miller likes to sum up every project in one line. *Sin City*'s was "Conan in a trench coat." This quote distills his upcoming solo directing debut, *The Spirit*, a stylized update of the 1940s Will Eisner comic about a detective who seemingly comes back from the dead. It says as much about Miller's monomaniacal hero-worshipping career.

In 1979, Miller rebooted the neglected Daredevil, then invented the red-hot ninja Elektra in 1981, and rehabbed Batman in 1986 as a terrifyingly bleak Greek god of vengeance—a vision that heavily informed both Tim Burton's stylized take and, more obviously, Christopher Nolan's dark psychodrama, which is once again storming cineplexes this month. In the 1990s his rough, hyperviolent comics *Hard Boiled* and *Sin City* were

adults-only wrecking balls whose plug-ugly thugs and dominatrix babes crashed into comics' kid-friendly facade. Recently, blockbusters based on Miller's *Sin City* and especially the blood-soaked Spartans epic *300* blindsided Hollywood pundits who swore R-rated comic book movies would never work. Then, when *300* grossed \$457 million worldwide, Frank Miller went from Comic-Con rock star to Hollywood heavy.

"There's been a massive failure on the part of entertainment to come up with a new generation of heroes," Miller snarls. "Guys are so busy trying hard not to be guys... Right now there's a lot of boys out there."

"All that teen pretty-boy stuff. *The 40-Year-Old Virgins*, it's just not my world," he continues. "Lately there's been a real lack of that Robert Mitchum masculine force in film. You get these guys who are petty and vengeful. Or just...impotent."

Maybe that's why studios are calling heroes back from retirement, from Rambo and Rocky to Indiana Jones and James Bond: There aren't many young contenders who can knock out the old champs. "That's why

Bruce Willis could come back with *Live Free or Die Hard*," says Miller, "to show these puppies what a real hero can do."

Miller's men have struck a nerve—pissing off knee-jerk feminists and antiwar liberals, thrilling fanboys, and making millions—because he's one of a few storytellers who's figured out a way to create badass sons of bitches for the new millennium. And in a summer movie season dominated by Robert Downey Jr.'s alcoholic Iron Man, Ron Perlman's brutish Hellboy, Edward Norton's raging Hulk, Will Smith's down-on-his-luck Hancock, and especially Christian Bale's

tortured Dark Knight, Miller's aesthetic reigns supreme. In *300*, *Sin City*, and *The Dark Knight Returns*, Miller took throwback men's men and made them brutally new. "Right now," he says, grinning like an evil genius hatching a dastardly plan, "I'm the perfect guy in the perfect position."

Welcome to the era of the Frank Miller man. Just as Mickey Spillane, John Wayne, and Sam Peckinpah each ushered in a new kind of American man, Miller has bred his own new, hard-boiled hero. Since we're on the verge of a new era, it's time to define who the hero is.

"Is there a Frank Miller man?" Miller asks. "Yes," he finally answers. "It's my search for a hero, from my *Batman*, where he was this obses-

“
**MY WHOLE CAREER IS
BUILT AROUND MY
SEARCH FOR THE HERO.**
”

sive-compulsive terrifying figure; to *Sin City*, where they have that one moment in life where they have to rise and become something greater than they thought they could be; to 300, where the heroism is screaming across the screen."

Miller has spent as much time as Lex Luthor studying heroes. So I ask him to explain what he's learned. In a long, intense, often prickly conversation, Miller gradually divulges his hero's identity. As he does, his protagonists slowly come into focus, stomping out from the shadows of noir, the fog of war, and the black nights of Gotham and *Sin City*. Below, the 10 rules of the Frank Miller man.

1. The hero sacrifices everything.

Miller's origin story goes like this: Born in 1957, he grows up in Maryland and Vermont with three brothers and three sisters as a self-described "maladjusted child," obsessed with comics. At age six he meets his destiny. Instead of being bitten by a radioactive spider, he goes to the movies and gets bitten by the old B-film *The 300 Spartans*. "It changed the way I looked at heroes entirely," remembers Miller, who decided then and there to pursue a life in ink. "It stopped being the fresh-faced guys who get medals on their chests at the end of *Star Wars*. It became people who were willing to sacrifice everything for the greater good." The lesson stuck with him: "One of the most heroic movies I ever saw was *Rocky*, a guy who lasts 15 rounds before he loses a fight."

2. The hero is fearless.

At age 20, fresh out of art school and dreaming of the great comic book houses of New York, Miller moves to the Big Apple. He stalks editors, begs for critiques, and bangs out work-for-hire at \$25 a page. Within two years, writing and drawing such projects as *The Twilight Zone* and *Spider-Man*, he's a rising star, pleading for a shot at his own series. Marvel gives him a chance, and he responds by reinventing a 15-year-old comic series about a blind lawyer who moonlights as a vigilante. The tag line for *Daredevil* is "The man without fear!"—and Miller roots his hero's power in our universal fear: the dark. "What little kid, five or six years old, hasn't gone around the house with his eyes closed and hands out?" Miller asks. "That's the *Daredevil* fantasy." Before long Miller is slaughtering sacred cows as a matter of course, reinventing Wolverine, Batman, and, with *Sin City* and 300, entire genres. Miller was becoming a comic book hero in his own right.

3. The hero does nothing small.

Miller grew up in small towns dreaming of Gotham, Metropolis, and planet-hopping superheroes. "It's all got to happen on a grand scale," explains Miller, who first became famous for his crime-fiction influences and later his wild style of slashing lines, abstract action, and Jackson Pollock-like splatter. "C'mon, Superman is ridiculous—he has blue hair, he can fly. It can't just be, 'This guy's having a bad day.' If *Daredevil* has a nervous breakdown, people are going to get hit."

4. The hero loves women of all kinds: Blondes, brunettes, redheads, dominatrices, strippers, hookers...

From his earliest strips to the strippers of *Sin City*, Miller's heroes have been surrounded by beautiful, often nude, women. Why? Because, like many school-age outcasts, Miller has always loved to draw hot girls. "When you have a brush in your hand, inking a beautiful woman is a lot like running your hands over her," Miller says. "It turns me on, OK?"

Over the years Miller has caught some flak for drawing so many hookers and lookers, but the actresses who have worked with him, from Rosario Dawson to Jessica Alba, all defend him. "Frank is a gentleman, and his women are badass," says Jaime King. A close friend of Miller's, she says he was "incredibly protective" on the sets of both *Sin City* and *The*



Spirit. "In *Sin City*, they may be hookers, but they're not just being fucked and left for dead. They're the law of the town, keeping shit together."

5. The hero fights dirty and looks ugly.

A Frank Miller man is nasty when he needs to be: He fights dirty, uses his fists, and knows how to take a beating. He's not the clean-cut Captain America type. He's almost always some nasty-looking, hulking freak who's half-human, half-rhino. Miller's Batman is a pink-fleshed Hulk. *Sin City*'s brutish Marv is Miller's take on a modern-day barbarian. "If I go for a strong guy," he says, "I want him to be ugly."

Miller likes the rough image for himself too. He's earned a reputation within the industry for being ferociously demanding, a quality mirrored in his heroes. "Frank talks about his characters as if they won't let him go until they've told him their stories," says 300 director Zack Snyder. "The only characters that survive are the ones who are tough enough to fight back. Maybe that's why he ends up with the hardest and scariest."

6. The hero has a reason, but he doesn't need therapy.

"When I first got going on what became *The Dark Knight*, I just thought about him a lot, what kind of guy would do this stuff," he says of his endlessly influential 1986 reinvention of *Batman*. That said, Miller says he's sick of "therapy culture" and hand-wringing heroes like *Spider-Man* who go around whining all the time about the burden of great power. In 300 Sparta's King Leonidas didn't have to ponder the Persian Empire's diplomacy—he kicked Xerxes' diplomat down a well.

7. The hero is chivalrous. But he doesn't talk about it.

Miller didn't revive the "Dark Knight" moniker by accident; he believes fiercely in old-school chivalry. And he created the debauched borough of *Sin City* in 1991 to show that old-fashioned values endure, no matter how corrupt the environment. "Without vice there is no virtue," he says. "I like to refer to a hard-boiled hero as a knight in blood-caked armor."

8. The hero is the ultimate romantic.

Miller grew up loving Alfred Hitchcock nearly as much as comic book

Below: Miller's dark take on the *Dark Knight*. Right: On the *Sin City* set with Robert Rodriguez.



legend Jack Kirby—and he tried to make it in Hollywood in the late 1980s. He even scripted *RoboCop 2* and *3*, but the experience soured him, until Robert Rodriguez offered him a co-directing credit on *Sin City* a decade later. “One of my favorite lines is when Marv is about to kill the priest,” says Snyder. “The priest [played by Miller] says, ‘You’d better ask yourself if this whore is worth dying for.’ Marv says, ‘Worth killing for, worth dying for. Worth going to hell for.’ While he’s shooting him.”

9. The hero is hated and misunderstood.

Miller has always been a controversial figure. The more popular he becomes, the more he seems to piss off colleagues, infuriate fans, and confound expectations—because he’s always restlessly pursuing some new direction. In Miller’s universe, superheroes are outlawed and ostracized—there are no trophies. “Community approval isn’t the motive for a hero anyway,” he says. “It’s the motive for a politician. A hero does the right thing because it’s the right thing.”

10. The hero believes in good and evil.

Miller’s *300* became a lightning rod for criticism since many read it as an endorsement of the war on terror, the West versus the Middle East. “I did this comic in the 1990s, so I never could have expected that it would get this reaction from hawks,” says Miller, laughing. “I did *300* years before 9/11, but you don’t have to read much between the lines to see that I believe there is good and there is evil. As the great cartoonist Wallace Wood said, it’s the job of the good guys to kill the bad guys.”

The Next Hero

Miller has defined a new formula for men’s men, says Snyder. “Marv and Leonidas and Batman are written like the same guy: this uncompromising, unapologetic, hard, physical dude who finds his purpose, and often

that purpose is gonna bring him to his own demise, or close to it, often in some beautifully cathartic sacrifice.”

Restless, Miller is looking for new heroes. He’s working on *Sin City 2*, another film along the lines of *300*, and possibly an adaptation of his cyber-slugfest *Hard Boiled*. Enraged by 9/11, he’s been working furiously on a no-holds-barred project, originally called *Holy Terror!* in which he planned to have Batman literally kick Al-Qaeda’s ass. Right now Miller is putting the final touches on *The Spirit*, by his old friend the late Eisner. “To be true to *The Spirit*—these puns are inevitable by the way,” he jokes—“I had to do what Eisner did: approach this project with the most advanced tech of the time.”

Miller still draws in his Hell’s Kitchen studio on an antique light board surrounded by old Spartan shields, toys, and model cars, but Robert Rodriguez hooked him on CGI.

His updated *Spirit* will be as stylish and CGI-heavy as *Sin City*, but it will remain true to the old-school appeal of a blue-suited detective who pursues the evil Octopus (Samuel L. Jackson)—and a harem of beautiful women (Eva Mendes, Jaime King, Scarlett Johansson, and others). The *Spirit* is, in many ways, a classic Miller hero: chivalrous, moral, brutal, and able to take a beating. But he’s also dapper, played by square-jawed actor Gabriel Macht. “He’s my interpretation of Eisner’s hero,” Miller says. “He’s not as ugly a hero as I usually come up with.”

Actors working on the film say the *Spirit* is closer to Miller than any of his previous heroes. “Frank’s image is scary; he’s very mysterious-looking,” says his producer, Deborah Del Prete. “But when people meet him they’re surprised that, like the *Spirit*, he’s got that gentleman-to-women thing. And Frank loves women.”

“Frank was like a kid in a candy store,” says Macht. “And like the *Spirit*, he’s a klutz. One day he was showing me how to do this punch—he pulled his fist back and accidentally punched himself in the face.”

Miller is a bit like the *Spirit*. They both worship powerful women, big old cars, and Converse All Stars. (“If you’re going to jump around on rooftops,” Miller rationalizes, “you need something with a little tread.”)

“Frank filters that most basic hero through himself, through that voice,” says Snyder. “They’re always so flawed and personal that we’re able to look at his heroes and go, ‘That’s me.’ Or at least I wish that was me. Superman? I know that’s not me.”

Like many of us, Miller isn’t so much a hero himself as a guy who can’t stop dreaming about heroes—can’t stop thinking about that tough guy in that suit, with that beautiful babe in the passenger seat, driving that big old car toward some final showdown. Miller loves classic cars, but he admits that, as a true New Yorker, he doesn’t even drive. But if he could draw himself into a car, he knows just what it would be.

“A ’53 Cadillac,” he says, with a smile. “Eldorado...in cream.”

Page to Screen

Whether directing, writing, or inspiring, Frank Miller has left his mark on Hollywood.

Sin City (2005)
Director Robert Rodriguez never had it so easy. *Sin City*’s story boards were ripped from the graphic novels, and hardcore fans can follow the flick panel by panel.



300 (2006)
Adapted from Miller’s ’98 graphic novel, the hit movie featured some unfortunate additions... like a giant troll.



The Dark Knight (2008)
Pre-*Dark Knight Returns*, Batman was associated more with Adam West’s campiness than with Tim Burton’s and Christopher Nolan’s gritty vigilante.



The Spirit (2008)
In his solo directorial debut, Miller is reimagining Will Eisner’s iconic comic into a *Sin City*-esque film noir about a crime fighter seemingly back from the dead.



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THE FUTURE IN MOTION

THE MAXIM

2008

MOBILE TECH

REPORT



In the world of portable electronics, everything is getting smaller and everything claims to be able to do everything. But like the drunk-driving dad on *Little People, Big World*, sometimes smaller doesn't mean better. So to help you sort through the beepy pile, we've tested every new gadget we could get our mitts on and present to you the cream of the battery-powered crop of everything from cell phones to cameras to MP3 players. And not content just to tell you what's coming soon, we've talked to a host of nerdy experts to find out what tech is going to look like when you're old and gray (or, for our elderly readership, when you're dead and buried). So open your eyes, open your brains, and get your ass in the best gear on the planet.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENT LARSSON





ATTACK OF THE CLONES

The new iPhone might still be the big daddy, but here are summer's other hot handsets, each with a trick up its sleeve.

■ The TV Addict LG VU (AT&T)

Talk to friends and family, or ignore them and watch 150 shows thanks to support for AT&T's all-new Mobile TV service. While Nickelodeon may not be your thing (or maybe it is, weirdo), gems like ESPN Mobile TV, CNN Mobile Live, and Sony Picture Television's PIX should be more than enough to keep productivity at bay. The two-megapixel camera isn't so hot, but really, who needs a camera when Milla Jovovich is getting all *Resident Evil* in your pocket?

\$300 with contract, wireless.att.com

■ The I-lookalike SAMSUNG INSTINCT (SPRINT)

Love iPhone but hate the AT&T ball and chain that comes with it? The Instinct from Samsung is being billed as Sprint's answer to the iPhone—one look at its full-face high-gloss touchscreen and we'd have to agree. It one-ups its Cupertino competition with built-in GPS navigation, expandable memory, and access to Sprint's high-speed data network, but lacks Apple's famed spit and polish—not to mention the lack of iTunes integration. Well, guess we just did mention it.

\$tbd, sprint.com

■ The Photo Tourist NOKIA N78 (UNLOCKED)

Give your pocket some European flair by donning the N78, one of Finland-based Nokia's latest. There's a treasure trove of hidden-away features inside its operating system, like an FM transmitter that'll beam tunes from your phone to a radio. Its killer app? Support for "geotagging" photos with coordinates culled from the phone's GPS. With a sharp, capable 3.2-megapixel camera on board, you'll never forget where you were when you snapped that topless French chick.

\$600, nokia.com

■ The Beat Junkie MOTOROLA ROKR E8

This thing looks as good as it sounds thanks to its unique morphing keypad. (Phone buttons on the face change to music control buttons when you're a-rockin'.) Even better, it eschews a proprietary headphone connector for a standard 3.5 mm jack, meaning you can use any old headphones. Add in 2 GB of memory, an FM radio, and a microSD expansion slot, and the E8 could put that tired iPod in your pocket out to pasture. We wish it had 3G, though.

\$tbd, motorola.com

MOBILE PHONES

MICRO-PROJECTORS

Your future phone's wildest feature.

Have incriminating videos and pics of a friend at his bachelor party on your cell? Imagine giving a professional presentation during your best man's speech by projecting them on the wall for his loved ones to see. Manufacturers

such as Microvision are beginning to produce pico-projectors: compact laser light or LED projectors that can display images from 12 to 100 inches. Motorola and Sony Ericsson have signed up for the tech, and within a year you should be able to project snaps of your junk from your phone onto your neighbor's house. Thanks, technology!

CALLING BACK

Speed-dialing through the history of cell phones.

1968 Portatronic Systems Inc. unveils 19-pound Portable Executive Telephone (PET). White-collar hernia rates skyrocket.



1983 Motorola releases the first cell phone, DynaTAC, called "the brick" for its bulk and ability to withstand hurricane-force winds.



1987 In the flick *Wall Street*, Gordon "Greed Is Good" Gekko talks on the beach with what appears to be a minifridge held to his head.



2000 First camera phones manufactured by Sharp—you can talk and pursue up-skirt photography with one product!



2007 Apple introduces the iPhone. People go ibat-shit. It does everything but pay the \$899 bill initial buyers plunk down for it.



SMARTER CELL

SONY ERICSSON XPERIA X1



There are few phones on the market capable of making the iPhone look anemic, but the XPERIA X1 from Sony Ericsson might have the stuff. The British joint venture is a new licensee of Microsoft's Windows Mobile platform, and it comes out of the gate swinging. A striking design, curved slide-out QWERTY keyboard, wide VGA touchscreen display, and 3.2-megapixel camera all help set it apart, not to mention a unique "panel interface" that puts an entirely new face on Windows Mobile's tired look and feel. Not just a looker, the X1 still supports ActiveSync and the full range of Office Mobile apps, making it a solid choice for corporate suit and trendsetter alike—and the inclusion of wi-fi and 3 G radios ensures that you're always connected. You haven't lived till you've visited meatspin.org on your phone. **\$tbd**, sonyericsson.com



BIG BRAIN

"Implants will be the next stage. Your communication device will interact with your physical state, your blood contents, and your pulse rate. Everything goes into a medical profile all the time."

Syd Mead, Visual Futurist,
Blade Runner



HOT SHOTS

The next gen of supercharged digital cameras are smaller, smarter, and take sharper pics than ever.

■ THE PROFESSIONAL VAGABOND

Panasonic Lumix DMC-TZ50

You're a world traveler, a party hound—and can't keep track of a USB cable to save your life. Feast your eyes on the 9.1-megapixel Panasonic Lumix DMC-TZ50, one of the first cameras to use wi-fi as more than a gimmick. Connect via public hotspots or T-Mobile nodes to send images to Google's Picasa, e-mail addresses, phones, and more. As a bonus, its enhanced image stabilization, continuous autofocus, and a smart LCD mean you'll have pictures actually worth looking at. **\$450**, panasonic.com

■ THE X GAMES DOCUMENTARIAN

Casio Exilim EX-F1

One of the main gripes among film holdouts is that digital cameras just aren't fast enough. That is, until the arrival of the Casio EX-F1, which can grab still images at the astonishing rate of 60 frames per second or video clips at up to 1,200 frames per second. The fast 12x optical zoom lens and slow-motion monitor capability complete the package to make this the perfect rig to capture skaters in mid-ollie. Or your girlfriend in mid-shower. **\$1,000**, exilim.casio.com

CAMERAS









TESTED: OH, SHOOT!

We sent *Maxim* cover photographer Antoine Verglas to the beach with our four camera picks and one beautiful woman. His sexy results:



BIG BRAIN

"Wearable photo gear will be the de facto standard in the near future: Cameras will appear in your glasses, hats, watches, ties, and lapels. There will be an endless hunger for content." **Pascal Dangin, world-renowned photo retoucher**

CAMERA	HIGHS	LOWS	RESULTS
Panasonic Lumix DMC-TZ50 	"The LCD viewfinder is really bright, so it works well in the sun. The images looked great. I'd recommend it as a super-simple point and shoot."	"None!"	
Casio Exilim EX-F1 	"It's really cool to be able to shoot 60 stills-per-second. And the camera's nearly silent, so it's pretty intimate."	"There's a lag after shooting multiple frames. And our model couldn't hear the camera, so she didn't know when to switch poses!"	
Samsung NV24HD 	"Switching to the 'vivid' setting really made this camera's photos more saturated and interesting."	"The viewfinder is dimmer than the other models here, and the grid of unmarked buttons is confusing at first."	
Sony Alpha A300 	"This camera had perfect exposures and great color correction. The swivel live-image LCD viewfinder allowed me to shoot from the hip—literally."	"The optical viewfinder is rather dim. But at least it has one."	



Id your style and start shooting. Then start wishing your family and friends were better looking.

■ THE A/V KING Samsung NV24HD

Hey, we know you love to capture memories, but that Zubaz backpack stuffed with your camcorder and camera isn't helping you fit in with the locals. Lighten your load with the 10.2-megapixel Samsung NV24HD, which handles still photos and video with equal aplomb. The sleek compact model grabs video at HD quality and easily connects to high-end TVs via HDMI cable. It's also a serious still camera, with a wide-angle 24 mm lens, contrast control, and a bright OLED monitor. **\$400**, samsungcamera.com

■ THE ASPIRING ARTIST Sony Alpha A300

You've been meaning to get serious about photography, but who has time to read an instruction book? The Sony Alpha DSLR-A300 hates reading, too. The entry-level SLR can automate everything from lighting balance to cleaning the sensor. As your skills advance, the 10.2 MP shooter will grow with you thanks to broad lens compatibility, image stabilization, a supercool tilting live view LCD, and near-telepathic autofocus. Annie Leibovitz, your days are numbered. **\$700** [with kit lens], sonystyle.com

THE TINY ROLLEI

The famed film cam goes digital—and gets dwarf-size.

Sure, the Rolleiflex MiniDigi AF5.0 is a novelty—it's got a puny five-megapixel sensor and no zoom. But we dig it for the design, which is a shrunk replica of Rolleiflex's legendary twin-lens film cameras. The palm-size knockoff features top-down viewing, a square aspect ratio, and a hand crank to prepare the camera for the next shot. **\$400**, rollei.jp/e



PRINT THIS

A printer that doesn't use ink? Sit down for this.



NEXT TECH

Polaroid dumped its instant film business months ago, and retro photo fiends still have tears in their eyes. Eat it, nostalgia! On to the next instant photo fix: inkless printing. Polaroid's new jam is a Bluetooth-enabled inkless portable printer that uses Zink, a paper embedded with heat-reactive colored crystals. Crazy, right? The device prints wirelessly from Bluetooth phones and cameras, but Zink, the company manufacturing the paper, predicts the printers will be tucked away inside cameras and phones within a few years. Hello, instant satisfaction! **\$150**, polaroid.com/pogo

PIXELS PAST

Snapshots from digital photography's history.

1975 Steve Sasson creates the first digital camera for Kodak, at 0.1 megapixels. Every pic taken with it looks like a blurry panda vagina.



1990 Photoshop 1.0 ships. Suddenly, everyone in magazines starts to appear slimmer, with bigger busts. Including Michael Moore.



1991 The Logitech FotoMan becomes the first digicam for consumers, costing \$1,000. Or one Ashley Dupre hand job.



2004 Photo site Flickr.com launches, suddenly allowing people to share their arty mailbox shots. Not to mention rusty birdcage pics.



2006 Samsung unveils the 10-megapixel camera phone. In the Old West, that sentence would get you killed for "Satan talk."





TINY TUNES

These three new minimal music machines prove that less is more. Think different and stuff one in your pocket.

■ The Rocker

SAMSUNG YP-S2 PEBBLE

This line of high-gloss, oddly shaped music players resembles something from a psychedelic karesansui garden. (The player is about the size of a flattened plum, if that makes any sense.) The melody machines come equipped with 1 GB of flash storage, MP3, and WMA and OGG Vorbis playback. With a wild range of shiny color schemes available, the Pebble is strange, sweet, and easily lost. \$40, samsung.com

■ The Everything Machine

IRIVER SPINN

When it debuts in a few months, the Spinn will sport a 3.2-inch display, be able to play MPEG-4 video, have 16 GB of flash-based storage, and allow you to view text files, pipe FM radio, and even play Flash Lite movies and games. Oh, yes, and it slings Bluetooth for more cable-killing action. With its sexy look and demented over-achieving, it's hard to figure out why more don't swim in the iriver. Maybe this is the year. \$149, iriver.com

■ The Noise Maker

BIRD-ELECTRON EZO

Inflicting your musical tastes on others hasn't been fashionable since the 1980s. Bird-Electron's Ezo portable speaker, then, might be an unwelcome throwback if not for its square-jawed geometric design, aluminum construction, and attractive leather belt. OK, so this three-inch pocket peeper isn't going to shake lions into the civil streets, but it'll look rad sitting on your desk. \$90, audiocubes.com

MP3 PLAYERS



DREAM GADGETS

Celebs' most wanted gear.

"I want my phone to be able to write jokes for me." **Rob Corddry**

"I'd like to see a portable version of Pro Tools so I could make beats in my car."

Snoop Dogg

"I'm waiting on a gadget that would make hangovers go away." **Moby**

"I'd like to see GPS work with my buddy list, so I'd know if there were any friends physically nearby." **Masi Oka**

"I'm waiting patiently for someone to invent a car that can fly." **Nelly**

"I really want my next phone to double as a coffee cream dispenser." **Ben Folds**

TESTED: ITTY-BITTY BUDS



■ Bass Case

SENNHEISER CX 55
Cheap with big-ass bass. Downside: "You really can't hear diddly but the beats," lamented one tester. \$80



■ High Fidelity

ULTIMATE EARS SUPER.FI 4
Superdefined sound. "The bass doesn't rattle or trample vocals," gushes our nerd. \$130

TRACK MARKS

The ballad of digital music.

1993 MP3 file format accepted as standard for digital music. Vinyl lovers complain about MP3 sound quality to their sad, empty rooms.



1998 The first mass-produced portable MP3 player, the MPMan, is made by Eiger Labs. Black smoke rises from Apple headquarters.



1999 Shawn Fanning drops out of college to create Napster, a free file-sharing network designed to make Metallica sad.



2001 The 5 GB iPod is born. Record-label execs ponder their future, saying things such as, "Maybe I could open my own restaurant?"



2008 Andreas Pavel, father of all portable music devices, works on what's next: a multimedia "sense extension device."



ILLUSTRATIONS: TOMMY

CUT THE CORD

SONY WALKMAN NWZ-A828KBLK
PHILIPS SHB9000

To know cables is to know despair. If you're sick of copper and plastic wires snarling up your stuff, it's time to go Bluetooth. Unlike other players that have used the tetherless tech, Sony's newest Walkman, the NWZ-A828KBLK, isn't just a one-trick pony. The full feature list includes epic battery life, 8 GB of flash storage, MPEG-4 video playback, a 320x240 2.4-inch LCD screen, and codec support up the wazoo. Use the included wireless headphones, or trade up to the more robust Philips SHB9000s pictured here, and you'll be rocking out while your player's tucked out of sight. Sure, we wish it had a nonproprietary USB connector for charging anywhere, but we also wish we had Mother's love, and we know that ain't happening anytime soon. Player, \$270, sonystyle.com; headphones, \$99, philips.com.



BIG BRAIN

"In 25 years we'll have implants that make receiving digital information gadget-free. A central system in your body will provide a constant Internet connection and enable you to listen to music and view images on demand."

Justin Ouellette,
muxtape.com creator

CAN CAM

THE SAMSUNG HMX20C

Thanks to sleek designs like that of Samsung's newest offering, camcorders may lose their dorky stigma and actually become cool. This lil' guy is a tad larger than a Red Bull can and causes more heart palpitations with its kick-ass abilities. It's armed with a 10x lens that pipes 1080i video at 30 or 60 frames per second into 8 GB of internal storage. (Eight gigs not enough? Add more with the SDHC/MMC expansion slot.) At 16 ounces, it's not the lightest around, but an HDMI output and a touchscreen 2.7-inch LCD monitor make up for that. It can even grab 8 MP still photos thanks to "pixel-rising technology." If you're a videographer, that spec list probably just made your pixels rise. **\$999, samsung.com**



PALM JOCKEYS

Tiny and terrific filmmakers.

■ Pocket Monster: Sony HDR-TG1

Only 4.7 inches long and 1.3 inches wide, this beauty slurps 1080i video and four-megapixel stills onto its 4 GB memory card. With face detection, a 2.7-inch screen, 10x optical zoom lens, and 5.1-channel audio, it will rock you. **\$900, sony.com**

■ Cheap Date: Creative Vado

Pretty in pink or silver, Creative's slim three-ounce body and 2x zoom mark it as a low-end model, but with a two-inch LCD display, integrated mike and speaker, TV output, and 2 GB of memory—good for two hours of xVid-encoded VGA video—it's hard to sniff at the price. **\$99, creative.com**



NEXT
TECH



THE RED SCARLET

Coming soon: the Holy Grail of handheld high-def.

Late next year Red Digital Cinema will release its handheld Scarlet, a sub-\$3,000 version of its \$17,500

supercam used by auteurs like Peter Jackson, Steven Soderbergh, and Doug Liman. Pixels to the people! The handheld will record at super-high-def 3,072x1,728 resolution, shoot 120 frames per second to a custom sensor, and possess a few secret features the folks at Red won't discuss. Rest assured, the cinematographer nerds who aren't gossiping about this camera online are already out in the backyard arranging their LOTR finger puppets for a quickie prequel.



BIG BRAIN

"In 20 years we could have devices that record our everyday lives and even translate languages directly in real time from the electrical impulses in our brains."

Former NASA astronaut and Space Shuttle commander Leroy Chiao

CAMCORDERS

LET'S ROLL

Highlights in camcorder history.

1935 Nazis invent Magnetophon, a device that records magnetically on plastic tape. Think of that next time you rent a video. Monsters!



1983 Sony creates the Betamovie, the first consumer camcorder. Bring on the six-hour vacation videos!



1990 America's Funniest Home Videos premieres, making a child's inflicting pain on his father's testicles worth \$10,000.



1998 Sony includes the NightShot feature on their camcorders. They send a few dozen over to Paris Hilton, hoping, praying...



2003 JVC releases the GR-HD1, the first consumer high-def camcorder. Wow, are we really that ugly?



neurology-mds.net/sensoryoverload



INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW MATRIX.

With available JBL® audio system,¹ Bluetooth® wireless technology² and navigation. Just leave enough brain for driving. Get in touch with your dark side at toyota.com/matrix

¹JBL® available on S and XRS models only. ²Performance of Bluetooth®-compatible phones will vary based on phone software version, coverage and your wireless carrier. See toyota.com for more details. Prototype vehicle shown with optional equipment. ©2008 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

 **TOYOTA**
moving forward

SAMSUNG O1 ULTRA-CMXP

\$1,499. samsung.com



The gearhead bloggers at Jalopnik.com test-drive the latest ultralight notebooks.



"The laptop of the future's screen will be ultrathin e-paper. You won't have a hard drive or software—it will be on wireless servers. You'll use hand gestures, voice rec, and type on projection keyboards." **Yves Béhar, designer of One Laptop Per Child**

This PC isn't out to set speed records, but the stripped-down 2.6-pounder gets good grades for having an ExpressCard slot, an 8.9-inch screen, nearly full-size keyboard, and beefy 120 GB or 160 GB hard drives. Associate editor Matt Hargreeve's take: "It's great for surfing and writing, but I'd need a magnifying glass to edit photos. And I had no problem using it to work in bed, but my fiancée considers that a downside." **\$499, hp.com**

Apple's .76-inch-thick anodized aluminum darling is still the hottest girl in school. Just three pounds, its stunning design packs in a high-res 13.3-inch wide-screen display, full-size keyboard, and a zippy Intel Core 2 Duo processor. Editor-in-chief Ray Wert's take: "It's blinding fast. I downloaded huge files and edited video on the go." His only complaint? "The battery dies after three hours of hard use." **\$1,799, [apple.com](#)**

The specs on this 2.4-pound ultraportable Vista-running machine should set it more than a leg up on Apple's princely Air. It also runs off an Intel Core 2 Duo, but adds a 24x multiburner drive, Dolby Home Theater sound, and a bigger hard drive (120 GB to the Air's 80 GB). Associate editor Ben Wojtyla's take: "It's five-hour battery life is awesome, but the gimmicky face-recognition security is not." **\$1,899**, lenovo.com



A look back at the history of traveling keyboards.

1950 The IBM 607, the first non-room-size computer, is able to solve 100 math problems per minute. Eat it, abacus!



1981 First consumer portable computer, Osborne 1, released. The 24-pound device boasts a blindingly small, dimly lit screen. Pretty sweet!



1993 Apple Newton, the first PDA, is introduced, enabling users to e-mail doodles. Penis drawings jam in-boxes worldwide.



2007 OQO's model o2 is world's smallest computer; it's five inches wide, the same length as the world's longest ear hair. Coincidence?



2008 Apple unveils the three-pound MacBook Air, the world's thinnest laptop. Dells begin sticking fingers down their throats.



Meet W1zardF1ngers. Gamer. Hacker. Boy wonder of the underworld. He had it all. But his cyber joyride came to a sudden end. Pwned like a n00b in a first-person-shooter, it was game over.

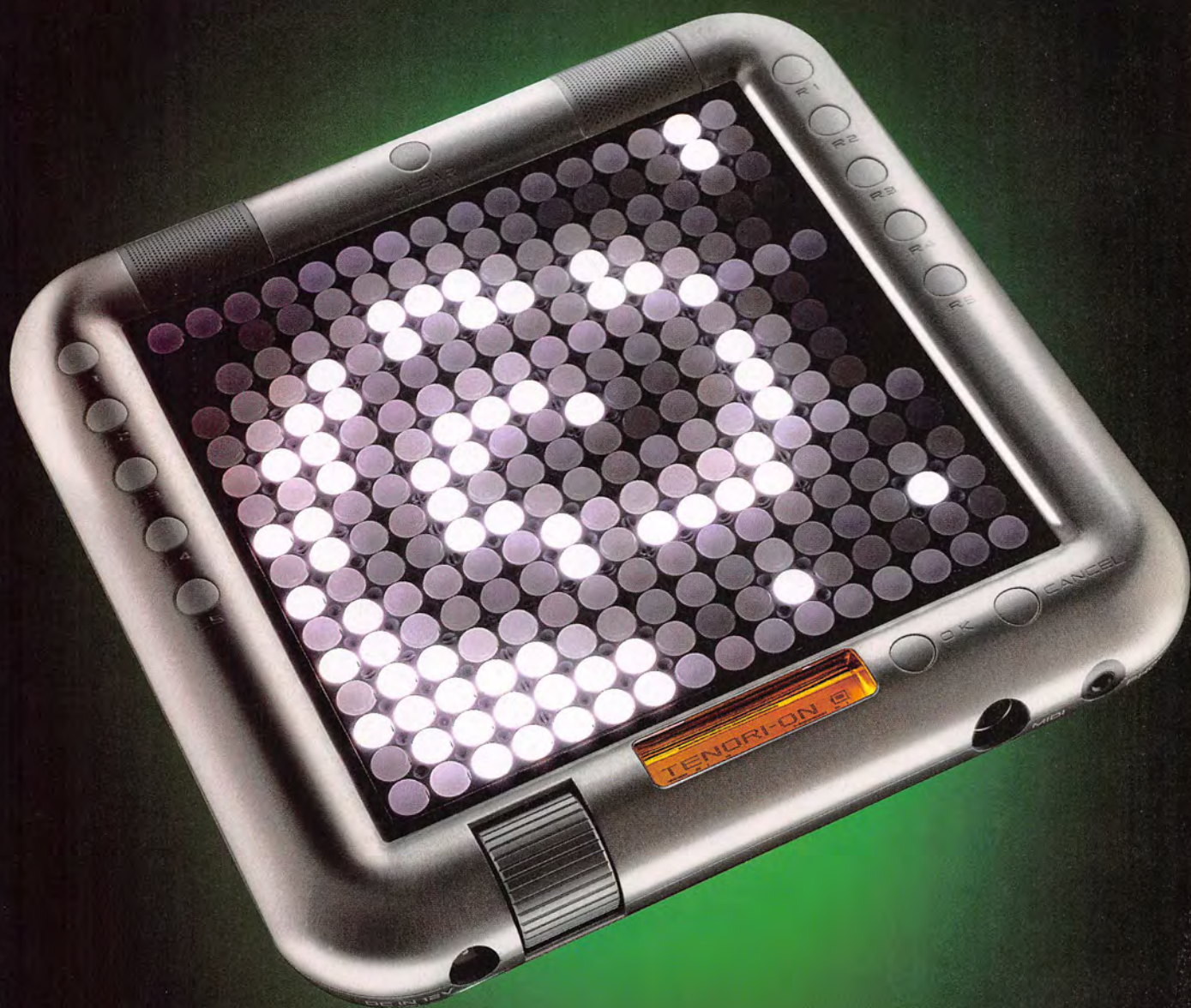
Visit hugsforhackers.org

Tough on Threats. Easy on You.

70 million people switched to AVG 8.0 because it protects from online threats without slowing PC's or networks to a crawl. That put a lot of hackers, and their threats, out of business. But we're dedicated to the rehabilitation of every lost soul defeated by our award winning software. To help us help them, visit hugsforhackers.org. Do it now, because somewhere there's a hacker who needs a hug.



OUT THERE



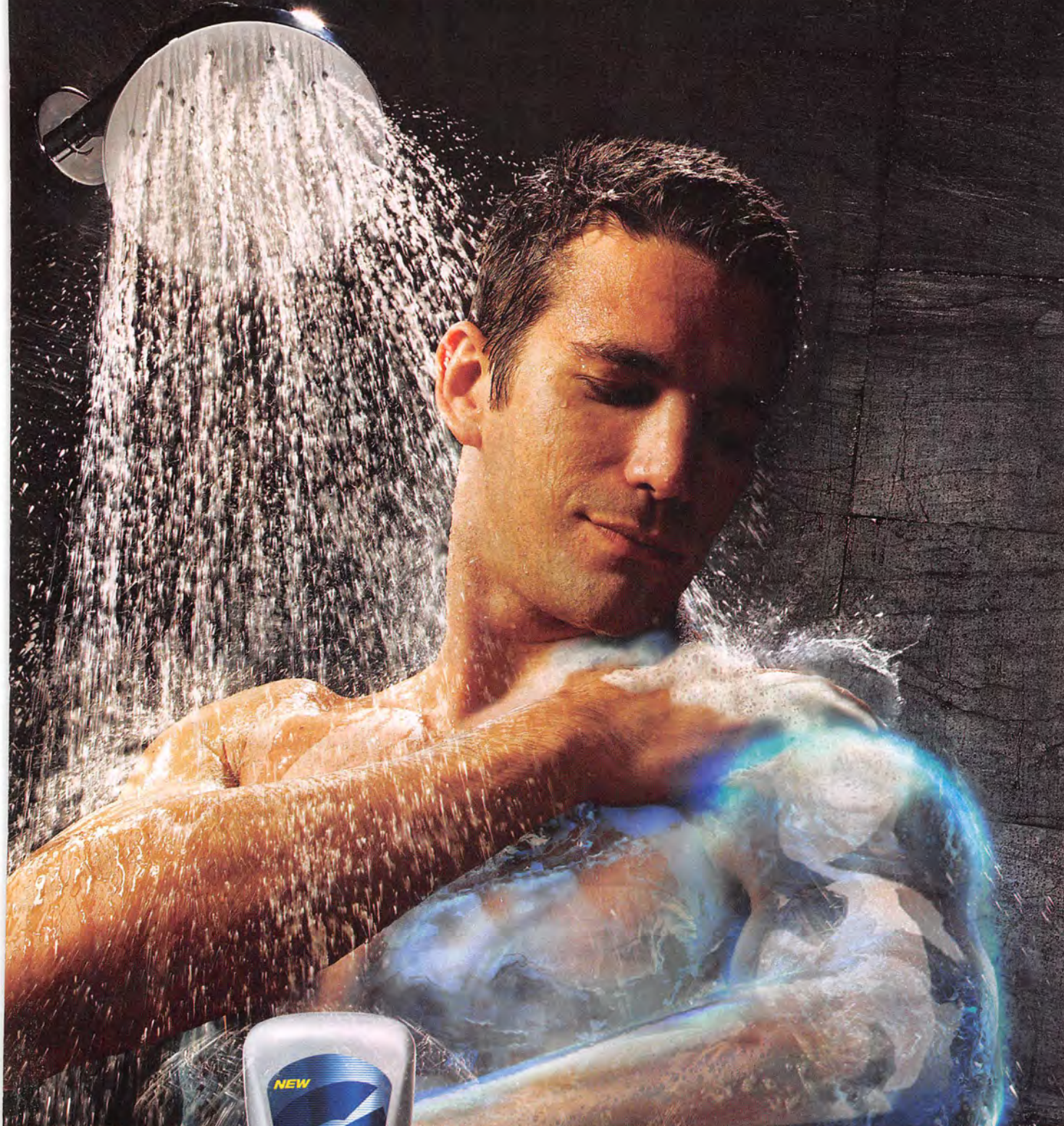
SOUND SHOW

Incite panic at the disco with a crazy new music maker from Japan.

YAMAHA TENORI-ON

Worn out all the tracks in your digital music collection? Time to make your own, with the coolest music gadget we've ever seen—well, besides spoons, maybe. Yamaha's Tenori-On (literally, "sound in the palm of your hand") is a music-generating light sculpture designed by Japanese media artist Toshio Iwai. Framed within a brushed-magnesium case, a series of 256 pulsating LED buttons literally allow you to "draw" internal or

external MIDI sounds across different "layers" in endless sequences. (Don't get put off by the intense dorkiness of that last sentence—this thing is insanely awesome.) Musical parameters like tempo and mix volume are fully tweakable, and there are a host of filters, reverbs, and delays to give additional depth to your creations. Major bonus: Even if the music you come up with is God-awful, it's guaranteed to look cool. **\$1,200**, keyfax.com



PREPARE TO DEFEAT DRY SKIN.

New Gillette Dry Skin Hydrator and Body Wash combines a deep cleanser with **3X the hydrators** that will transform your skin. You'll step out of the shower feeling like you can take on the world.

UNLEASH THE POWER OF YOUR SHOWER.



BUILD★YOUR OWN★

Create your own mega-grossing crapfest with this guide and check your choices on the Hit-O-Meter below

BY SCOTT JACOBSON AND STEVE BODOW ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEAN MCCABE



1

NAME IT Pick one word from each column.
the _____

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| a. <input type="checkbox"/> Kill | aa. <input type="checkbox"/> Heat |
| b. <input type="checkbox"/> Feel | bb. <input type="checkbox"/> Moon Sector 7 |
| c. <input type="checkbox"/> Destroy | cc. <input type="checkbox"/> Death |
| d. <input type="checkbox"/> Taste | dd. <input type="checkbox"/> Robots |
| e. <input type="checkbox"/> Kiss | ee. <input type="checkbox"/> Pantsuits |



2

TAG IT Throw one of these lines under the title.

- a. ☐ "Expect a volcano to erupt."
- b. ☐ "You will believe an alligator can bite."
- c. ☐ "Babies killing babies...killing werewolves."
- d. ☐ "The security guard shot his father. Now the security guard needs a security guard."
- e. ☐ "He said God wasn't a woman...until he met Tina."



5

SEX IT UP! Choose a screen-steaming kink.

- a. ☐ The hero rips his slacks up when he's mad.
- b. ☐ One of the macho main characters turns out to be gayer than a tree full of parrots.
- c. ☐ The hot chick in the movie has romantic feelings for the hideous beast.
- d. ☐ The hero's love interest turns out to be...his sister!



6

CASTING CALL Pick your face man.

- a. ☐ Tom Cruise
- b. ☐ Will Smith
- c. ☐ Mel Gibson
- d. ☐ Larry the Cable Guy

BLOCKBUSTER

to see how many billions your flick will make. Then prepare for a savage critical beat-down by Roger Ebert!



3

PICK A PLOT

Select from each word bank.

This is the story of a...

- a. ☐ frowny superhero
- b. ☐ aged adventurer
- c. ☐ sassy mummy hunter
- d. ☐ sexually confused boy wizard

who faces a...

- aa. ☐ giant asteroid hurtling toward Earth.
- bb. ☐ spandex-clad villain.
- cc. ☐ huge monster destroying New York City.
- dd. ☐ desire to touch his friend's wand.



4

TEAM UP!

Pick a racially diverse sidekick.

- a. ☐ Street-smart, wisecracking black dude
- b. ☐ Supremely wise, older black dude
- c. ☐ Strait-laced Asian guy with kung fu skills
- d. ☐ A chubby hobbit
- e. ☐ A chubby hobbit



7

CREATE BUZZ

Before it opens, have your star...

- a. ☐ steal a baby from a third-world nation.
- b. ☐ checked into the hospital due to "exhaustion."
- c. ☐ jump up and down on Oprah's couch.
- d. ☐ show his wiener on Broadway.
- e. ☐ denounce Israel.

HIT-O-METER

Add up your choices.

- 1. a:5, b:2, c:10, d:4, e:1, aa:10, bb:7, cc:5, dd:4, ee:0
- 2. a:7, b:8, c:3, d:1, e:10
- 3. a:7, b:8, c:5, d:10, aa:5, bb:4, cc:7, dd:10
- 4. a:10, b:7, c:5, d:4
- 5. a:3, b:9, c:7, d:10
- 6. a:4, b:10, c:3, d:0
- 7. a:5, b:7, c:1, d:8, e:10

Congratulations! You've made...

0-33 points

A straight-to-DVD pile of crap!

Don't be sad. Your name on a DVD box will get you laid when you lecture at the local library on cinema night.

34-70 points

A mild hit!

Buy yourself a brand-new Beemer, champ. Theatergoers will flock to your flick, after they've seen *Iron Man* for the 10th time.

Over 70 points

A critically despised money machine!

Way to go! Now what are you waiting for? Get started on the embarrassing, career-ending sequel!





SEARCHING FOR THE

BY ETHAN BROWN

THE LEGEND OF GRISELDA BLANCO WAS BORN ON A WARM SPRING day in 1975, when her Learjet touched down at the Bogotá airport after a 2½-hour flight from Miami. A convoy of long black limousines manned by a crew of enforcers met the plane on the tarmac and whisked the 32-year-old over dusty roads toward the Colombian capital. Blanco was back in her native country to meet with her husband and business partner, Alberto Bravo, with whom she'd built a cartel that moved hundreds of kilos of cocaine in the U.S. and employed nearly 1,500 dealers.

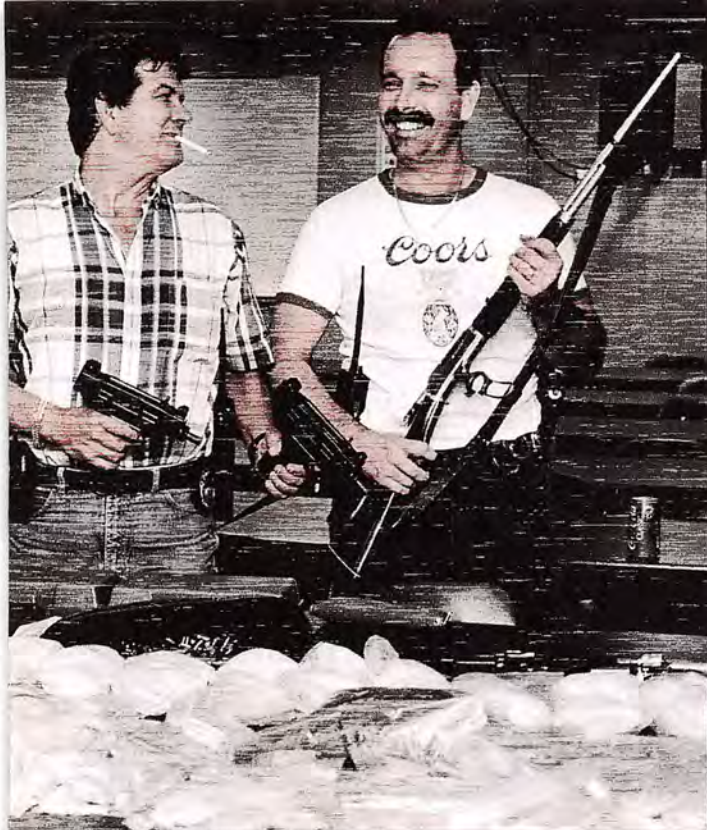
Standing barely five feet tall and weighing 165 pounds, with a wide, oval face and cleft chin, Blanco was no drug lord's fantasy *chica*, even if her growing reputation with street dealers and law enforcement had earned her the nickname "the Godmother." She'd returned to Colombia because she was unsatisfied with her relationship with Bravo, and his stewardship of their vast enterprise. Millions in profits had gone missing, and Blanco blamed her husband. So when she and her enforcers pulled into the parking lot of a nightclub outside Bogotá, she tucked a pistol into her ostrich-skin boot. After all, this was Colombia, where cocaine, and the mountains of money that came with it, was stronger than any loyalty, a fact proved by the fresh corpses dumped outside rivals' doorsteps every morning. Stepping out of her limo, Blanco strode toward Bravo, who was waiting impatiently for her across the lot, backed by his own team of glowering goons. Sensing his wife's rage, Bravo lashed out, accusing her of allowing the "Godmother" talk to go to her head. According to lore, a furious Blanco drew out her pistol and fired several shots point-blank at her husband. He responded by pulling an

Uzi out of his waistband. In the melee, six bodyguards were killed. Blanco was struck in the stomach but would ultimately recovered from her wounds. Her husband, shot in the face, was not so lucky.

In that moment, Blanco had eliminated not only her spouse but also one of the most feared players in the Colombian cocaine business. It was a major step in Blanco's improbable rise from impoverished street urchin to perhaps the wealthiest self-made woman in the world, a cold-blooded crime lord whose trail of bloodshed reads like pulp fiction. And on that day in the dusty Bogotá parking lot, she earned another fearsome nickname: the Black Widow.

FOR A WOMAN WHOSE CRIME REIGN IS UNPRECEDENTED IN AMERICAN history, Griselda Blanco has long been shrouded in mystery. That is starting to change. In 2006, Miami-based director Billy Corben and his production partner, Alfred Spellman, released the acclaimed documentary *Cocaine Cowboys*, which offered most viewers their first glimpse of the Godmother and helped turn her into an unlikely hero of sorts for the *Scarface* set. This month they return with a *Cocaine Cowboys* sequel—*Hustlin' With the Godmother*—that should only burnish her legend.

Increasingly, Blanco is taking her place as one of the most mythologized drug lords in history, and certainly the most ruthless. Credit her propensity for violence (she's suspected of ordering at least 250 killings) and a stature in the cocaine trade that dwarfs even that of Pablo Esco-



GODMOTHER

IN THE BLOODY UNDERWORLD OF SCARFACE-ERA MIAMI, THERE WAS NO CRIME LORD MORE RUTHLESS THAN GRISELDA BLANCO.

bar. Indeed, when Escobar met Blanco in Miami in the late 1970s he was just a lowly car thief from Medellín looking for entrée into the business. Much of her life seems born from the wild imagination of a 15-year-old kid with a *Scarface* T-shirt: the trail of dead husbands; the son she named Michael Corleone (the Godmother had a serious *Godfather* fetish); the diamonds she purchased from First Lady of Argentina Eva Peron; the bronze sculpture she commissioned of herself that other drug lords would rub for good luck when visiting her Miami mansion. "Griselda Blanco was the catalyst for recognition by the U.S. government that Miami had a serious problem. That we were really a Dodge City," according to Miami attorney Sam Burstyn. "She was our John Gotti."

But the mystery surrounding this remarkable woman persists—about her bloody rise to the summit of the drug trade, about her ability to consistently evade her pursuers, and especially about what happened to the Black Widow after she was deported back to Colombia in 2004. It's a story whose facts are just beginning to emerge, one that's stranger than fiction and rife with sex, intrigue, and violence on a scale that defies belief.

GRISELDA BLANCO WAS BORN IN THE IMPOVERISHED SHANTYTOWNS surrounding Cartagena, Colombia on February 15, 1943. In this ghetto choked with ramshackle huts with corrugated tin roofs, murder was so rampant that kids would amuse themselves by digging holes in the ground to bury the bodies that littered the city's filthy streets, and

would resort to petty crime to make ends meet. Or not so petty: At age 11, Blanco and a ragtag group of children reportedly descended from the hills surrounding Medellín to the well-to-do flatlands, where they kidnapped a 10-year-old boy from a wealthy Colombian family. Secreting the boy back to their hillside slums, Blanco and her cohorts held him hostage as they attempted to shake down his family. Unfortunately for the boy, his family was not forthcoming. The group of children handed Blanco a gun, daring her to shoot him between the eyes. Perhaps, living in an environment so rife with violence, the 11-year-old Blanco was inured to the idea of bloodshed. Perhaps it was simply her nature. Either way, Blanco put the gun to the young boy's head and pulled the trigger. He was her first in a long, long line of victims.

According to former DEA agent Bob Palombo, who pursued Blanco for decades—Ahab to Blanco's White Whale—the future Black Widow was destined for a life of aberrant crime: "I don't think the fact that she was a female trying to prove something had anything to do with her violent behavior; I just think it was inherent to Griselda Blanco. This goes back to her life, the way she was brought up. She was just a violent person." By her preteens, Blanco had picked pockets and prostituted herself for cash in the Medellín slums. At age 13 she met Carlos Trujillo, a sometime John and street hustler who specialized in creating false immigration documents and importing illegal immigrants into the United States. Blanco was smitten by Trujillo's criminal savvy. They soon married and had three children. But by the late 1960s, Blanco had divorced Trujillo and then, in the early 1970s, had him killed over a ➤

business dispute. It was an act that would reverberate throughout Blanco's life. Soon after, she met—then married—yet another hustler, Alberto Bravo. Instead of illegal immigrants, Bravo moved cocaine, and by the early 1970s he'd saved \$26,000, an impressive sum in Medellín.

So Bravo and Blanco, like so many before them, decided to pursue the American dream. In Queens, New York, they established a cocaine business that quickly took off as the Big Apple began a decades-long love affair with the drug. In a city where narcotics were controlled by the deep-rooted five families of the Mafia, a pair of Colombians with a direct connection to the source had a leg up. At first Blanco had female couriers hide small amounts of cocaine in their suitcases; by the mid 1970s, her pilots flew in mass quantities of the drug directly from Colombia, bringing her millions of dollars a month. But with a client roster that included movie stars and major athletes, Blanco's burgeoning organization drew scrutiny: A joint NYPD/DEA investigation dubbed Operation Banshee resulted in the indictment of Blanco and more than 30 of her subordinates on federal drug conspiracy charges in April 1975. At the time it was the biggest cocaine case in history.

Yet when a federal grand jury handed down the indictment, Blanco vanished. "We had her on drug conspiracy charges," remembers Palombo, who was a central player in Operation Banshee, "but she was nowhere to be found." Unbeknownst to the Feds, Blanco had slipped out of the country to Colombia—where she killed Bravo in that dramatic gunfight. In the late 1970s, now the undisputed head of her operation, Blanco set up shop in Miami. The timing of her arrival in Miami was fortuitous in another respect: The local cocaine trade was thriving thanks to a network of recently arrived Cuban refugees and a few renegade American players. Miami in the '70s was a "Virgin City"—the gateway to Latin America and a magnet for the criminal underworld. It was a violent, gaudy universe soon to be glorified in movies like *Scarface* and television shows like *Miami Vice*, but Crockett and Tubbs would be little match for the real ne'er-do-wells turning South Florida into their own private playground.

Blanco, however, wasn't satisfied to simply share in the profits of the drug game—she wanted to own it. So in the late 1970s, along with a group of thugs led by her enforcer, Jorge "Rivi" Ayala, she embarked on a killing spree of rival dealers designed to eliminate all competition.

In her utter ruthlessness, Blanco was unique. If you purchased drugs from her and failed to pay her back promptly, Blanco would kill you. If she bought drugs from you and didn't feel like paying, she would kill you. When ordering a hit, Blanco instructed her assassins to kill everybody in the vicinity, including women and children. But the violence paid off. Soon the Godmother ran a distribution network stretching from coast to coast, had thousands of employees, and was raking in \$80 million a month. Miami's hustlers were thrilled to get in on the action: Blanco's luxury penthouse on Biscayne Bay, the palace in Miami Beach, the fleet of exotic cars, the coke-fueled orgies complete with strippers catering to every need, including the Godmother's.

It was decadence on an epic level, but Blanco's blood lust would spoil the party. At about 2:30 p.m. on July 11, 1979, Colombian cocaine dealer German Jimenez Panesso and an associate were searching the shelves of Crown Liquors at the Dadeland Mall for an expensive brand of scotch. Before they could select a bottle, a trio of Blanco's assassins in a Ford Econoline van with HAPPY TIME COMPLETE PARTY SUPPLY imprinted on one side, unleashed a wild spray of machine gun fire, killing both men and injuring two mall employees. It was a spectacularly bold hit—"a replay of Chicago in the 1920s," Dade County chief medical examiner Ronald Wright



The Colombian Connection: Blanco (top, in the early '80s) relied on her enforcer Jorge "Rivi" Ayala (above) to wage war on her enemies. She helped Pablo Escobar (right) get his start in the game.



said at the time—and when cops arrived on the scene they discovered that the killers had abandoned their van behind the shopping center. "We called it a 'war wagon' because its sides were covered by quarter-inch steel with gunports cut into them," remembers former Dade County homicide detective Raul Diaz. "The gunports were covered with one-way plastic—the gunmen could look out and you could not look in." Inside the war wagon, they found about 20 shotguns, revolvers, and machine guns. The massacre would usher in a fresh orgy of violence.

Blanco, however, was unconcerned by the increased scrutiny. According to Rivi, "She liked to be at war. Every day she'd say, 'We've got to get so-and-so,' 'we've got to get so-and-so.' It was something she enjoyed."

But the violence, and Blanco's lifestyle, was taking its toll. The first rule of drug dealing is to keep your nose out of the product, but the Godmother was never one for self-control. With cocaine fueling her paranoia, she retreated for long periods behind the gates of her mansion, with her German shepherd, Hitler, standing guard. Most dangerously for Blanco, Alberto Bravo's nephew Jaime had learned that she was responsible for his uncle's murder.

"Jaime and two gunmen he'd imported from Colombia would go to the malls where Griselda spent time shopping and just wait for her," Palombo remembers. "It got so bad that we had to interrupt our drug case against Griselda to take Jaime off the streets." So, in 1984, Blanco fled to California to hide out and tap into the West Coast drug markets.

By early 1985, Blanco, then 42, was lying low in a modest suburban bungalow in Irvine, California with her mother, Anna, and her youngest son, Michael Corleone. Palombo and a DEA team followed her out west, staking out the home. Blanco was essentially cornered by both assassins working for Jaime and by the DEA. "She had a sense that her own blood was looking to kill her and that we were looking for her," Palombo recalls. On the overcast morning of February 20, as Blanco lay in bed, Palombo's team kicked down the door and rushed upstairs to the God-

IN MIAMI BLANCO SPARKED A KILLING SPREE TO ELIMINATE ALL COMPETITION.



Blanco (left, with sons Osvaldo, Uber, and Dixon, and ex-husband Alberto Bravo) was as notorious for killing her spouses as for massacres like the one at Dadeland Mall (below).



mother's bedroom. It was a humiliating defeat—Palombo kissed Blanco on her cheek after she was cuffed, making good on a longtime pledge to his fellow agents that he would one day capture her and seal it with a kiss. A federal magistrate judge swiftly ordered Blanco to be held without bail, and news reports of her arrest trumpeted the demise of the "Queen of Cocaine." The federal indictment and subsequent trial soon resulted in a sentence of more than a decade behind bars. But Griselda Blanco's cocaine business was far from finished.

☆☆☆

ON A LATE FEBRUARY DAY IN 1985, CHARLES COSBY SAT IN THE LIVING room of his modest home in the middle-class Brookfield Village section of East Oakland and watched as a local TV anchor announced Blanco's arrest. Cosby, then a hustler in his late teens who moved ounces of coke

on the corners of East Oakland, was awestruck as the anchor described a "Cocaine Queen" who moved hundreds of kilos into the U.S. "I was floored," Cosby remembers now. "I'd never known of a woman to sell drugs, much less on that level. She was a billionaire."

To a drug business naïf like Cosby, whose Jheri-curved hair and designer sweat suits made him look like something out of Chris Rock's N.W.A. satire, *CB4*, Blanco was the very model of what he wanted to achieve. Fortuitously, Blanco was able to plead out to a 20-year sentence and was remanded to a low-security federal prison for female offenders called FCI Dublin, 20 miles from Oakland. "Griselda was the connection of all connections," Cosby says. "Even though I was just starting out in the game, right then and there my eyes were on the prize." When a female friend of Cosby's confided that she'd once worked as a runner for Blanco, Cosby asked her to reconnect—and, to his surprise, she agreed. "She told Griselda, 'I know a young black guy who wants to get in contact with you,'" Cosby explains. "And Griselda said, 'Tell him to get in touch.'"

After a series of phone calls and letters, Cosby came face-to-face with Blanco for the first time during visiting hours at the prison. When they met, Blanco embraced Cosby and gave him a long, and unexpected, passionate kiss on the mouth. Then they sat at the visitor's table and got down to business. "How much money do you need," Blanco asked, "for you and your family to be comfortable?" Cosby was stunned by the question and nervously threw out a sum that he expected to be refused: 50 keys. Blanco nodded—and then the meeting was over.

Three days later the doorbell rang at Cosby's house. When he answered, a Latino woman bearing two packages said plainly, "I have a delivery from the Godmother." Cosby hurriedly opened the boxes and found 50 kilos of cocaine. Within a month Cosby was a millionaire, one who paid his respects to Blanco in unusual ways: Each time he visited her in prison, Blanco paid guards \$1,500 so they could have sex in the back of the facility's multipurpose room. "When she brought me in the entire system was in place. All I had to do was fly around the country and meet with distributors," Cosby says. "Every time I shook a hand, I made \$1 million." Blanco not only took Cosby on as her protégé; she entrusted him to run much of her multibillion dollar business in the United States. Still, her enemies were emboldened by her long imprisonment. In 1992 her son Osvaldo was killed in a hit in Medellín. Blanco vowed revenge, and Osvaldo's killers were captured, tortured, and killed.

Blanco's legal worries weren't over, though. In 1994 the Miami-Dade State Attorney's Office began investigating her organization, and, most damagingly, prosecutors managed to enlist the cooperation of Rivi. When Blanco heard that her most trusted enforcer had turned on her, she had a nervous breakdown. During a prison visit in the spring of ➤

Lady Killers

Griselda Blanco isn't the only member of the fairer sex with a cruel streak. Here are five of the most dangerous females through the centuries.



Bloody Mary
Queen Mary I established Catholicism as the state religion of 16th-century Britain and maintained it with force. What kind? The "300 Protestants burned at the stake" kind.



The Beautiful Beast
Irma Grese was senior supervisor at the Auschwitz concentration camp. Her sadism with the whip and indiscriminate executions earned her a noose courtesy of the Bergen-Belsen trials.



Countess Dracula
Elizabeth Báthory killed as many as 650 young girls in 16th-century Hungary, bathing in their blood to preserve her youth. As punishment, her family bricked her up alive within her castle.



Madam Genocide
Chairman Mao's wife Jiang Qing formed the Gang of Four, the leaders of China's cultural revolution—a series of political persecutions that led to the deaths of half a million Chinese.



The Femme Fatale
In the late '90s, Sandra Avila Beltrán allegedly ruled the Mexican drug game the old-fashioned way: sex. Feds ended up killing both of her husbands (former police turned traffickers).

1995, Cosby vowed to Blanco, "We gonna fight them motherfuckers in court." But Blanco's fears could not be put to rest. "Rivi has enough dirt on me," she cried, "to bury me 10 times." Blanco then reached into her bra, pulled out a tiny piece of notebook paper bearing the message JFK 5M NY, and handed it to Cosby. "What does this mean?" Cosby asked, puzzled by the cryptic message. "Dixon," Blanco replied, referring to her eldest son, "will know." Cosby pressed Blanco about the note—with Rivi singing and Blanco growing increasingly unhinged, he was hesitant about involving himself in some harebrained new scheme. "I'm going to move against Kennedy," Blanco told him. Cosby was still confused. "The president's son!" Blanco shouted. "Is that descriptive enough for you, Charles?" Cosby was accustomed to Blanco's brazenness, but a plot against JFK Jr.—in which Blanco would pay kidnappers \$5 million to seize John-John and then trade him to the Kennedy clan in exchange for her freedom—was absolute madness. "Hell," Cosby counseled Blanco, "will rain on us." Blanco accused Cosby of disloyalty and even compared him to Rivi. Chastened by Blanco's dressing-down and threats, Cosby passed the note to Dixon.

Soon afterward four Colombian kidnappers hired by Blanco landed in New York City on an Avianca Airlines flight from Colombia. They then rendezvoused with Cosby—who had reluctantly flown in from California to oversee the plot—at a safe house in upstate New York. Cosby handed the kidnappers several low-caliber pistols, and with the promise of \$5 million in cash from Blanco, the four-man team descended upon the Tribeca neighborhood where JFK Jr. and his wife, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, lived in a spacious loft. As the kidnappers surveilled the Kennedy residence, Cosby flew back to California in order to give himself some distance from the insane plot. The kidnappers, meanwhile, were having no luck tracking one of Manhattan's highest-profile residents—they weren't even able to get a sighting of JFK Jr. outside his building. Several days later, they finally spotted him walking his dog and quietly sur-



The Godmother helped make Cosby, far right (and above, with Blanco and son Michael Corleone), a millionaire, but the relationship fell apart after an aborted plot to kidnap JFK Jr.



rounded him. One of the kidnappers got close enough to pet the dog's head. But before they could act, an NYPD squad car passed close by. The plot was off.

Shaken, Cosby began backing away from Blanco. Unbeknownst to the Godmother, prosecutors from the Miami-Dade State Attorney's Office subpoenaed Cosby. Exhausted from his days of working with Blanco, he flew to Florida to testify in the case.

Cosby insists that he offered information that purposefully understated the reach and profits of Blanco's organization—"I said she was making \$2 million when it was actually 50 times that"—but with Rivi in their pocket, prosecutors had Blanco nailed. In July 1995 she was indicted by the Miami-Dade State Attorney's Office for three murders.

Improbably, a reprieve would arrive in the form of a scandal. After giving his deposition, Cosby claims he had sex with one of the secretaries from the state attorney's office. Worse, the same secretary engaged in an extended phone-sex affair with Rivi. It was, in essence, a technicality, but by 1998—with the prosecution's two prime witnesses thoroughly discredited—the case against Blanco collapsed. By June 2004 the Godmother was released from prison and deported back to Colombia, though the prospects of freedom in her homeland weren't promising. "If I was getting deported to the country where my sons were whacked, I wouldn't feel too comfortable," Palombo told *The Miami Herald* at the time. In fact, most everyone assumed that on Colombian soil, Blanco's days were numbered. With so many enemies eager to even up the score, smart money said that the Black Widow would be dead within days.

☆☆☆

Life After Cocaine

Hollywood is lining up to tell the story of Blanco's Miami.

Since the release of Billy Corben and Alfred Spellman's addictive documentary *Cocaine Cowboys* in 2006, the proliferation of projects chronicling Miami's drug-fueled heyday are piling higher than the stash on Tony Montana's desk. In addition to this month's *Cocaine Cowboys* sequel, *Hustlin' With the Godmother* (which tells the story of Charles Cosby's rise to power), **Jerry Bruckheimer** and **Michael Bay** have been in talks with HBO to produce a drama series based

on *Cocaine Cowboys*, and **Mark Wahlberg** and director **Peter Berg** (*Hancock*) are developing a biopic about Miami drug lord **Jon Roberts**. Cosby, meanwhile, has been negotiating with **50 Cent's** G-Unit books about releasing his memoir, also called *Hustlin'*

With the Godmother. Additionally, he's been courted by *Training Day* director **Antoine Fuqua** about bringing his life story to the big screen. Here's hoping **Flavor Flav** checks out the audio book.



IN LATE SPRING 2007, A YEAR AFTER *COCAINE COWBOYS* MADE ITS debut, Alfred Spellman received an e-mail from a friend that read, "Look what I have." Attached was a cell phone photo of Blanco taken at the Bogotá airport in May 2007. To Palombo's surprise, Blanco, it seems, is safe and sound. "She has tons of money squirreled away in different bank accounts that were never recovered," he explains today, "and no one is going out of their way to look for her, because 20 years have passed since she last made any real enemies." The woman in the photo hardly resembles the Black Widow of legend. By all accounts Blanco has been out of the cocaine game for more than a decade and is living a quiet existence in Bogotá. Without her makeup, hair dye, or designer clothes, at 65 the Godmother looks more like the Grandmother these days. But the eyes remain cold, and in looking at them one can't forget that this is a woman allegedly responsible for more than 200 murders, who rose from the slums of Colombia to the pinnacle of the crime world, who killed three husbands, and sacrificed three sons to her limitless ambition. And on her face, as she gazes into the camera, is that trademark smirk, which seems to gloat: I played the game, and I'm still here. That means I won.

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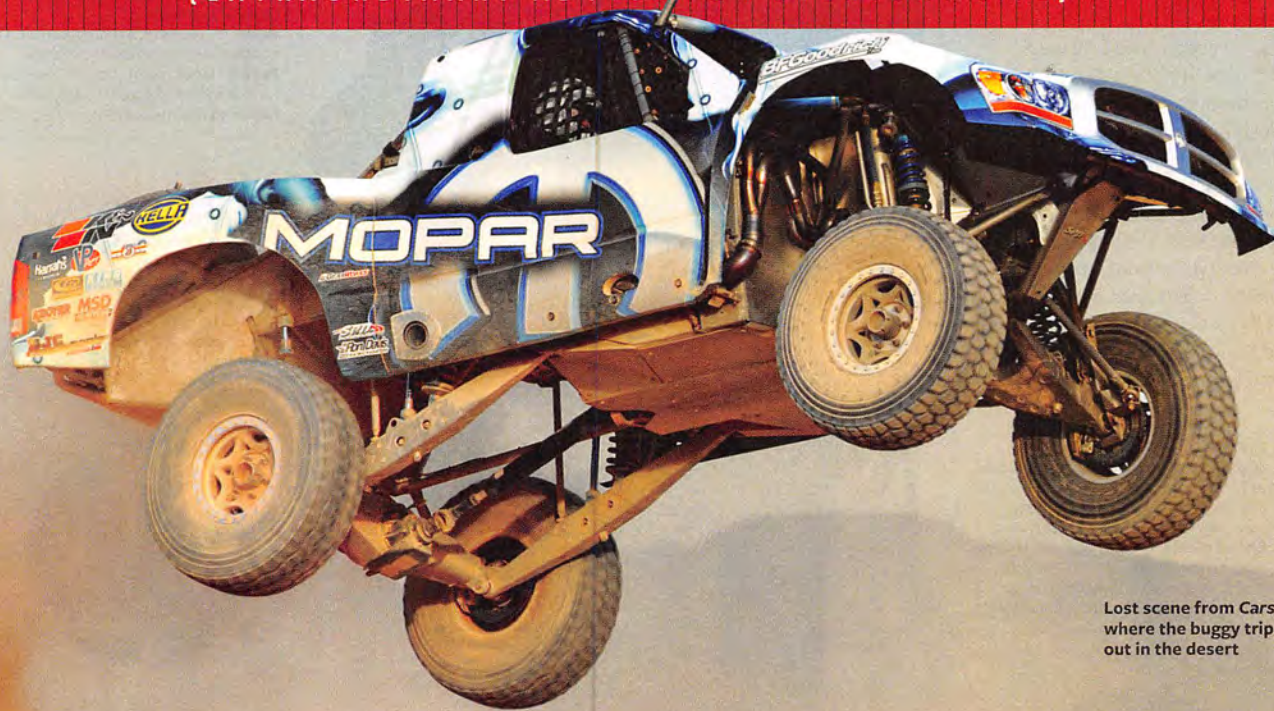
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Lost scene from *Cars*, where the buggy trips out in the desert

SUMMER THRILLERS

Supercharge the vacation by fulfilling your extreme dreams at these adrenaline-packed fantasy camps.

Wide Open Baja

Fantasy: Eating desert dust touring Baja, Mexico

Itinerary: This camp is all about slicing the same trails as the world-renowned Baja 1000, the annual (November) 30-hour roadless race from Ensenada to La Paz. "This is no Grand Canyon donkey tour," says Rob Ward, one of the camp's off-road adventure consultants. "It's insane what we let people do with our open-wheeled vehicles."

Not in the brochure: Want to enter the Baja 1000? WOB will hook you up with a car and a support team for \$80K. \$5,000, wideopenbaja.com

Throwdown (MMA) Fight Camp

Fantasy: Fighting in the octagon

Itinerary: Here you'll be training, learning technique, and sparring with UFC legends like Frank Mir and current light-heavyweight champ Rampage Jackson. Just be careful what you volunteer for: The instructors aren't shy about showing you their moves. "This is real-life pros versus regular Joes," says TFC director Justin Lopez.

Not in the brochure: Train with high-profile classmates like *The Unit*'s Max Martini—star of the MMA movie *Redbelt*. \$2,500, throwdown.com

Fighter Combat International

Fantasy: Air-to-air dogfighting

Itinerary: Ripping the Mesa, Arizona sky at 300 mph and 8 Gs (a roller coaster is 3 Gs) in a 300L plane. Video game vets shouldn't assume their skills will translate to kills. "An hour of air combat equals eight hours of physical labor," says FCI president Paul "BJ" Ransbury. "So hit the gym beforehand." Roger that, couch commander?

Not in the brochure: Your copilot won't just be an enthusiast. All are ex-fighter pilots with combat experience. \$4,000, fightercombat.com

DEA Citizens Academy

Fantasy: Joining the enforcement clampdown to be on the other side of a drug bust for once

Itinerary: Strap on a bulletproof vest, grab yourself a Glock, and get trained to crack junkie skulls at one of the Drug Enforcement Administration's 21 countrywide field division training camps. After classroom time, you head to the live-bullet shooting range and go on simulated raids in the DEA's very own "shoot house."

Not in the brochure: Mandatory background check. Free, usdoj.gov/dea

MEASURE OF A MAN

A bespoke suit requires dozens of choices. Here's your tailored cheat sheet.

➤ Every guy needs at least one fits-like-a-glove made-to-measure suit. And with more designers offering bespoke services (like Zegna, which made this one for us), it's time to step up. But with the higher price tags (at least \$2K) comes a dizzying list of style options. To guide you on the finer points, we enlisted N.Y.C. suit gurus Duncan Quinn, of Duncan Quinn haberdashery, and Franco Salhi, GM of Zegna.

Pant rise

Low-risers: "You can design your pants to sit low on the hips if you're snake thin and have no gut," Quinn. Beer belly? Wear them higher toward the navel.

Flat or pleats: Always flat-front. Unless you're wide, round, or both. For you, pleats balance your line (shoulder to hip to shoe), making you look slimmer.



Jacket front buttons

One: For the ultra-slim modern suit.

Two: Most guys need two. "Buttons are more a question of build than of height. Very slim (and shorter) guys look better with two buttons with the top button placed lower," says Quinn.

Three: "Tall guys and those with barrel chests need three buttons," says Salhi.



Lapels

Narrow: Guys with square jaws or round faces can wear skinny lapels at about two inches.

Wide: "If you have a wide frame, don't go less than 2 1/2 inches," Salhi says.

Peaked lapel (points up): "These are for the fashion-forward," says Salhi.

Notched (points out): For classic suits.

Jacket waist pockets

Straight (horizontal): "Clean and conservative, these flapped pockets are for formal business suits," says Salhi.

Slanted at 45 degrees: "It's not right for the boardroom," Salhi says, "but spot-on for slim-fit casual suits."

Ticket pocket: Designed for train tix, this third pocket is "in" for mod suits.



Vents

No vent: "Go vent-less with a tux and a double-breasted suit only," says Salhi.

Center vent: "Best for those with less sprinting muscle (flat ass), plus blazers and most summer sport coats should have a center vent," says Quinn.

Two vents: Ideal for biz suits, modern wool suits, and tweed sport coats.

Cut of pant leg

Tapered: "If you can sport the skinny jeans and want a modern look, go for a more tapered pant leg, which should measure about one foot or less in diameter," says Salhi.

Flared: If you have wider legs, then go out to a foot and a half in diameter so your hem has some kick-out.



Bespoke Everything

Here are three more wallet-trouncing ways to customize your life.



Shirt

While a made-from-scratch shirt ain't cheap (\$120 to \$600), it's worth it. "You'll have exact fit and no excess fabric at the waist," says Quinn. Bonus: Most tailors slash the shirt price significantly (as low as half off sometimes) when you bulk-order.



Shoes

Chances are your right and left are different sizes. And there's only a 16 percent chance one foot measures precisely to a whole or half size. That means every step you've walked has been off the mark. Drop \$800 for a bespoke pair and strut with perfection for once.



Bride

If you're a man with everything but the girl, a bespoke ball and chain can be mail-ordered from overseas for five figures. Not only can you choose eye color, but many services let you request quirks, like chain smokers who are into foot worshipping. We like: singlebrides.com



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"Has anyone seen my leg?" asked Miss Piggy.

FORBIDDEN FLAVORS

Order a side of danger with these recently legalized and soon-to-be verboten foods and spirits.

1 Żubrówka

Controversy: Bison grass vodka (żubrówka) is infused with blades indigenous to the primeval forests of Poland and Belarus. Legend has it the wild buffalo roaming the woods grow horny after eating the stuff. The buzz kills at the ATF broke up the party in the late '70s after discovering the vodka contains coumarin, a blood thinner. **Taboo taste:** The new żubrówka, legalized in late 2007, nixes the anticoagulant and still has an earthy vanilla taste. **Prep:** Over ice with a splash of apple juice for a drink that tastes like szarlotka, a Polish pastry. **Score it:** Adamba.com, the Polish food importer.

2 Jamón Ibérico

Controversy: The USDA banned this ham because no Spanish slaughterhouse conformed to its strict quality control. The ban was lifted in 2005, but since the \$140/pound ham takes so long to cure, our first taste (and tapeworm) came this winter. **Taboo taste:** De Bellota, the finest grade of this silky ham, comes from black-hoofed hogs that wander the countryside munching acorns. The first batch arrives this month. **Prep:** "Try with some Manchego cheese and a quince jelly," says Don Harris, owner of La Tienda, a Virginia-based importer of all things Spanish. **Score it:** Tienda.com.

3 Raw Milk Cheese

Controversy: The feeble-bellied FDA says consuming raw (unpasteurized) milk cheese is like playing Russian roulette with evil bacteria. Cheese fiends contend the pasteurizing sacrifices the flavor. **Taboo taste:** Raw milk gives cheese a pungent tang and creamy mouth feel. "It's nearly impossible to make great, nuanced cheese from pasteurized milk," says Mike Gingrich, who owns Uplands Cheese Company in Wisconsin. **Prep:** Slice it up, spread on some bread, and eat it up, gangster. **Score it:** Your seemingly innocent farmer's market is often a black market for this delicious "dirty" dairy.

4 Foie Gras

Controversy: To produce the decadent foie gras (French for fat liver), farmers pump ducks and geese full of half-cooked corn through a tube shoved down their esophagi. Sweet! Chicago banned it for two years. California's ban begins in 2012. Other states are considering similar measures. **Taboo taste:** Thanks to that death-by-corn diet, it has a mellow gamy taste but a buttery texture. **Prep:** No matter the end game, you can't go wrong, sinner. Purists prefer cold spreads like au torchon, says Paul Bentley, chef at N.Y.C. eatery Town. **Score it:** Hudson Valley, hudsonvalleyfoiegras.com.

5 Absinthe

Controversy: U.S. imbibers can once again commune with the "green fairy" thanks to the recent loosening of a century-old ban on thujone. This chemical, found in wormwood (the spirit's main ingredient), was thought to cause hallucinations. It was legalized last year after science proved it harmless. **Taboo taste:** With 75 percent alcohol, this anise-flavored "fairy" will knock you on your ass. **Prep:** Pour an ounce of absinthe in a glass. Place a sugar cube on a slotted absinthe spoon and slowly drip three to five ounces of ice water over the sugar into glass. **Score it:** Any liquor store.

WIN BIG DURING THE RECESSION

When the economy tanks, industries that “cater” to the downtrodden boom. Here’s how to cash in.



Vice

The racket: Thankfully, even in bad times, “People will still smoke and drink and gamble,” says Charles Norton, manager of the Vice Fund, a vigorous mutual fund that invests in alcohol, tobacco, and gaming (in addition to defense and aerospace stocks).

The forecast: Recessions spell boom times in the vice game. The claim that these stocks are not only recession-proof but actually robust in downmarkets received a huge boost after the last economic downturn. Here are the green-machine stats: Tobacco stocks soared 56 percent and alcohol stocks gained 46 percent in the five years that ended in mid-2003, even as the broader market declined 14 percent. Bring on the financial pain, America!

How to sleep at night: Hey, rehab counselors and oncologists need work, too.



Pawnshops

The racket: The skeeziest middleman in commerce, the pawnbroker, gives minimal cash to desperate souls for their goods, then turns around and sells them for a profit.

The forecast: “Pawnshops are in the business of providing short-term financing for people this economy is going to affect the most—those who can’t get conventional credit,” says Henry Coffey, an analyst with the investment firm Ferris, Baker Watts, Inc. who forecasts the stock of Cash America, a pawnshop company with more than 450 stores (symbol: CHS).

How to sleep at night: Hock shops help people. Think Dan Aykroyd in *Trading Places*. His watch—which told time in Monte Carlo, Paris, Rome, and *Gstaad*—earned him 50 bucks in a Bo Diddley’s pawnshop. Score! Wait, that was the movies...You’re going to hell, Winthorpe.

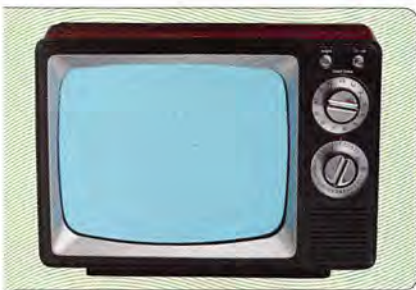


Corporate Bagmen

The racket: Vulture firms (known as “opportunity investors” at the country club) buy up unhealthy companies, then make them profitable. Think steel plants a few years back and mortgage lenders now.

The forecast: Hedge funds and distress-loving investment firms like WL Ross & Co. are swooping down on Wall Street’s casualties from the mortgage mess, which means they’re confident these companies can bounce back.

How to sleep at night: Sure, these suits come in and slash jobs, but they save companies from folding altogether. So some people do keep their positions—they’re just paid less, have more responsibility, more hours, and fewer benefits. But this ragtag staff has a dream and a crazy plan that might work if they put away their differences and work together!



Rent-to-Own

The racket: Rent-A-Center and ColorTyme, owned by same behemoth company (symbol: RCII) “rent” housewares to folks who can’t afford to drop cash on a couch or a flat-screen. Thing is, once the loan term is up, the suckers, er, *renters*, have paid nearly three times what the item costs and still may not own it. If someone were to give a loan with a 300 percent fee or interest rate, they’d be arrested under usury laws, i.e., for loan sharking.

The forecast: Thanks to a three-pronged poor-folk prod—(1) the growing recession, (2) the age of the four-figure HD flat-screen television, and (3) the coming death of analog (antenna) broadcasts next year—Rent-A-Center netted \$756.6 million in the first quarter this year.

How to sleep at night: Free delivery!



Debt Collectors

The racket: The tightening of bankruptcy laws last year (which makes it harder to ditch debt) gave the collection agency industry reason to never stop calling you until you pay up.

The forecast: With the continuing mortgage crisis, bum car loans, and the steady stream of delinquent credit card users, the collection business has never been better. Many publicly held agencies like Asset Acceptance Capital Corp. (symbol: AACC) are seeing demand soar and are frantically hiring additional crews of phone jockeys to harass the masses.

How to sleep at night: The depressingly grim economy of Buffalo—the U.S. capital of debt collection agencies (108 and counting)—has seen a much-needed hiring boom thanks to the rising number of deadbeats out there. You’re welcome, Bills fans.



Private Prisons

The racket: Brat Pack movies and Prince songs helped our horny parents get down and dirty in the ‘80s, resulting in a current spike of 18- to 24-year-old males—the most crime-prone peer group. And because government budgets are squeezed, private outfits are ready to step in with cells, trained guards, and beat-downs at a bargain.

The forecast: Mandatory sentencing and tougher immigration laws guarantee we’ll keep locking people up at record numbers, says Kevin Campbell, an analyst at Avondale Partners of Nashville. Campbell has a “buy” rating for the top publicly traded prisons, The GEO Group (GEO), Corrections Corp. of America (CXW), and Cornell Cos. (CRN).

How to sleep at night: With your eyes shut—unlike the boys in C-block.

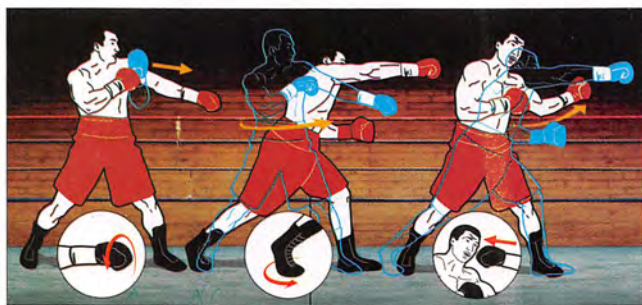
"Not the hair!
Not the hair!"



PUNCH LIKE A HEAVYWEIGHT

If the smack-talking punk in your face only knew that world champ Wladimir Klitschko trained you...

The sweet science has taken a licking from the upstart UFC recently, but when it comes to pure punching power, boxers remain the undisputed champs. At 6'6" and 243 pounds, reigning IBF, WBO, and IBO world heavyweight champ Wladimir Klitschko knows something about knocking a dude's lights out (he also holds a Ph.D. in sports science). So don't be a lightweight—read up so you can man up when an unavoidable rumble steps into your jungle.



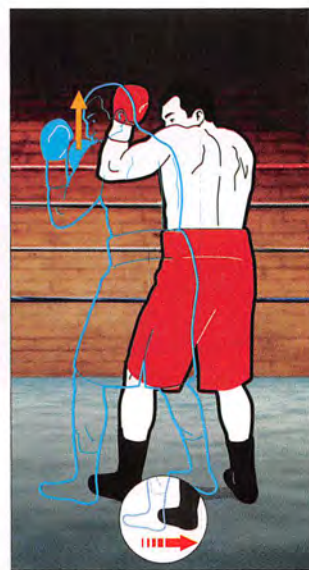
Punching Combo: Left Jab, Straight Right, Left Hook

1. "As you throw the jab, push forward with your back foot toward your opponent. At the end of the jabbing movement, rotate your wrist so your thumb lines up evenly with the rest of your hand."
2. "For the straight right, rotate violently to the left as you launch your punch. The back foot should turn as if putting out a cigarette."
3. "Throw the hook while reeling in the straight right; one goes out as the other comes in. The momentum will power up your swing. You'll get a quicker upper-body twist and more knockout potential on the hook. Watch out—throwing this punch leaves your jaw wide open for a quick right. To avoid, be sure your upper body twists back after delivering the hook."



Right Uppercut: The Ringside Widow Maker

"Before you let loose, bend your back knee and dip to your right. Don't oversell it by pulling back your elbow too far, and never throw an uppercut from the outside or you'll end up like Buster Douglas against Holyfield—on the canvas. If you do it right, it should connect at a 45-degree angle, right between your opponent's gloves."



Block: Avoid a Wild Haymaker

"The best way to avoid a big right hand—my best punch—is to use the outside of your left wrist to deflect it away. Keep your left hand up high, as much as three or four inches above your shoulder. In boxing this is called a parry. While blocking, as you sense the punch coming, take one, but only one, extremely quick back-step."



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PARADISE FIRST

Skip buying a home in your overpriced city. Instead, lock down your virgin mortgage in one of these bargain-rich vacation towns.

Hey, who says you can't buy your vacation home first? Falling real estate prices and a 33 percent dip in second home sales means paradise is where the bargains are, says Paul Bishop, managing director of research at the National Association of Realtors, which tracks the nation's home sales. "With people so focused on primary homes right now, second-home locales have become a buyer's market. Now is the best time to strike." Here's your guide to finding the ultimate sweet spot. Get ready to steal away.



"Great foreclosure in Tintytown today!"



1 Paia, Hawaii

Draw: Perfect weather, perfect waves

Drawback: Waves of lava

Two-bed, two-bath with view: \$325,000

Maui still has some of the highest home prices in the U.S., but in the beachfront sugarcane factory town of Paia, the average price is about half as much. Paia is known for two things: the best fish market on the island and wind gusts—it's the windsurfing capital of the world.



2 Sedona, Arizona

Draw: Red Rock National Forest, Sedona Golf Resort, spiritual, Zen-like mecca

Drawback: Most scorpion bites in the U.S.!

Two-bed, two-bath with view: \$289,000

In 2007 prices dropped nine percent after years of double-figure gains. While fast becoming a tourist-clogged destination, Sedona still boasts Red Rock Canyon, home to the best mountain biking and rock climbing on the planet.



3 Seward, Alaska

Draw: Trout as big as your leg

Drawbacks: Bears, July flurries

Three-bed, two-bath with view: \$262,000

Squeezed on a thread of land between Marathon Mountain and Resurrection Bay, Seward is a chilly paradise: Fish trout in the Russian River, kayak the fjords, and wander the glaciers of Harding Icefield. Winter? The trippy northern lights more than make up for the frostbite.



4 High Falls, New York

Draw: Shawangunk and Catskill mountains

Drawback: Pasty N.Y.C.'ers in flip-flops

Two bed, two-bath with view: \$185,000

The Hudson River Valley is two hours north of N.Y.C. and has seen a 10 percent drop in home prices. Great skiing in winter, and in summer you can hit on hipster city girls who flock to the trails and climbing faces of the 'Gunks. Bonus: Culture-dense Woodstock is up the road.



5 Victor, Idaho

Draw: Shredding Jackson Hole ski resort

Drawback: Napoleon Dynamite cracks

Three-bed, two-bath with view: \$277,000

With a median lot price of \$1.8 million, Jackson, Wyoming is out. But you can still have a little slice of snowboarder's heaven a half-hour drive away in Victor, Idaho, where the Jackson Hole ski bum staffers pull bong hits in homes that have lost 15 percent of their value this year.



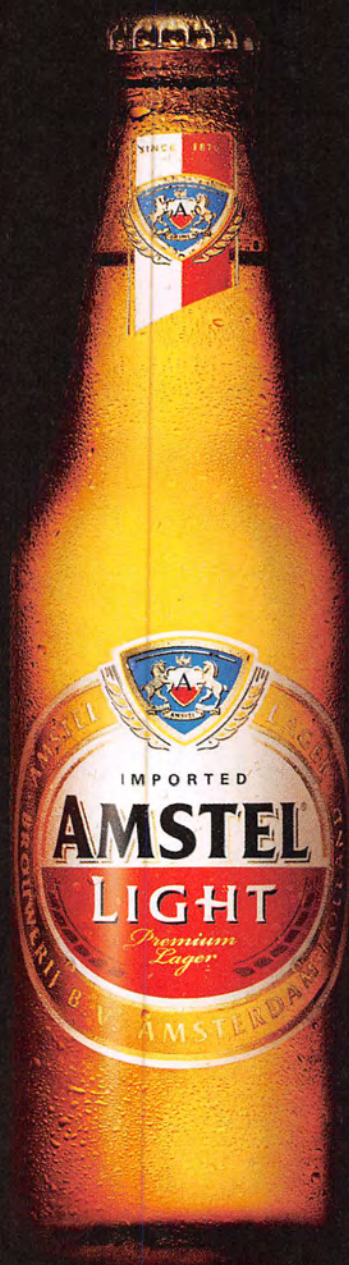
6 Outer Banks, North Carolina

Draw: Beach, BBQ, southern belles in bikinis

Drawbacks: Hurricanes, ubiquitous John Edwards-type accents

Three-bed, two bath with view: \$289,000

Once the treasure lair of Blackbeard, this chain of barrier islands boasts towering, soft-sand dunes that hug and slope down to some of the best surf on the Eastern Seaboard. Lucky for you, sales here have fallen 25 percent off peak.



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ENDLESS SUMMER

Head for greener pastures in a mix of prints and patterns perfect for any weekend getaway.



0039 Italy dress, \$265.

Opposite page:
Gaultier cardigan, \$755;
Rag & Bone short-
sleeve Henley, \$185.

Him: Michael
Bastian striped shirt,
\$345. Her: Roberta
Freymann ikat top,
\$95; David Aubrey
necklace, \$208.

Spurr linen jacket,
\$1,225; Salvatore
Ferragamo color-
blocked shirt, \$215;
Gilded Age pants,
\$228; Bally belt, \$140.





Him: J. Crew
shirt, \$70.
Her: 0039 Italy
dress, \$265.

Rogues Gallery
cardigan, \$202;
Lacoste polo
shirt, \$75;
Moschino
pants, \$415;
Ray-Ban sun-
glasses, \$140.

Opposite page:
Him: Spurr linen
jacket, \$1,225; Sal-
vatore Ferragamo
color-blocked shirt,
\$215; Gilded
Age pants, \$228.
Her: Biba cardigan,
\$195; Converse
by John Varvatos
printed dress, \$125;
LAI belt, \$115.



Summer Survival

Shed the beach bum look with a fashionable and functional warm-weather wardrobe.

1

Simple Pleasures



Pastels look manlier mixed with a neutral gray tone. **Juicy Couture** cotton blazer, \$250; **Salvatore Ferragamo** linen scarf, \$190; **Orciani Wild & Rock** belt, \$175; **Button-Fly** 501 jeans by **Levi's**, \$46; **Juicy Couture for Men** leather bangle, \$95

2



You'll get an instant upgrade when you pop a printed shirt cuff from under a light-weight cardigan. **Juicy Couture for Men** retro plaid cardigan, \$298; **Replay** shirt, \$140; **TX Fly-back Chronograph/Compass Time Zone** watch, \$450

3



White elements, such as a belt, tie, or pet snow leopard dress up a pair of a well-washed, slightly weathered blue jeans. **Etro** jacket, \$794; **Express** silk tie, \$40; **Kenneth Cole Mr. Vain** belt, \$75; **Moschino** jeans, \$315

4

If the print is subtle, let the shirttails peek out from under a fine-gauge knit sweater. If not, tuck it in, big guy.

Hugo henley, \$145; **Paul Smith** floral shirt, \$450; **Juicy Couture for Men** cotton pants, \$210; **Marc Jacobs** aviators, \$330; **Bric's** leather 18-inch duffel, \$695; **Cole Haan Air Blake** boat shoes, \$195



Sun Days

Drink lots of water and sport an SPF cream of at least 15, frequently reapplied after frolicking in the surf (think *Rocky III*) or sweating from a mean game of beach volleyball (think *Top Gun*). And shield your melon with a wide-brimmed hat. Preferably a sombrero.

- 1 L'Occitane Sol do Brasil After Sun Balm, \$22, at usa.loccitane.com
- 2 Dermalogica Waterblock Solar Spray, \$35, at Macy's
- 3 Clarins Sunscreen Spray SPF 15, \$29, at Macy's
- 4 Anthony Logistics Sun Stick SPF 15, \$16, at anthony.com
- 5 Clinique UV-Response SPF 30 for Face, \$15-50, at clinique.com
- 6 Lab Series Hair and Scalp Protector SPF 8, \$35, at Bloomingdale's

Boarding School

While board shorts that graze the knee are both practical and stylish, there are many lengths you can go to when it comes to showing some skin on the beach or at the pool. But keep this in mind: If you go too long, you'll look stubbier than Frodo Baggins, go too short and that cold water will be a problem.



Original Penguin Blowfish printed board shorts, \$65



Quiksilver Limited Collection Mish Mash board shorts, \$90



Etro striped board shorts, \$154



Diesel sky blue board shorts, \$53



Roll With It

Avoid looking like a slob by rolling—not folding—your goods when packing. And don't cram them too tight or you'll end up more wrinkled than Bea Arthur.

Ferragamo weekender, \$2,200

12

Foot Prep

Sandal season means cleaning up your feet. Use a pumice stone to smooth calluses, then moisturize.

KCNY Monaco sandals, \$195



11



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timeline (left to right): courtesy Everett Collection; Liz Mangelsdorf/CORBIS; 20th Century Fox/The Kobal Collection; Yoshikazu Tsuno/AFP/Getty Images; David Paul Morris/Getty Images; Woman on beach and Verglas headshot, Antoine Verglas (5); camera timeline (left to right): David Duprey/AP; courtesy of Adobe; courtesy of Logitech; Grant V. Faint/Getty Images; Roslan Rahman/AFP/Newscom. Dream gadgets (clockwise from top left): Alberto E. Rodriguez/Getty Images; Steve Granitz/WireImage.com; Gary Gershoff/WireImage.com; Amanda Edwards/Getty Images; Bryan Bedder/Getty Images; Jason Kempin/WireImage.com. MP3 timeline (left to right): Alexander Walter/Getty Images; George De Sota/Getty Images; AP Photo/Julie Jacobson; G. Baden/Zefa/CORBIS. Camcorder timeline (left to right): Bill Bridges/Getty Images; Sagat, ABC/courtesy Everett Collection; JVC camcorder, Newscom. PC timeline: Osborne 1, Bruce Damer/Digibarn Computer Museum; OQO model o2, courtesy of OQO; MacBook Air, courtesy of Apple **pp.92-93:** Billboard, D. Hurst/Alamy; alligator, Ron Dahlquist/Getty Images; volcano, Brad Lewis/Getty Images; baby (back), Joh Lund/Annabelle Breskey/Getty Images; baby (front), David Sacks/Getty Images; Batman, Dumbeldore, Larry the Cable Guy, and Smith, Warner Brothers/courtesy Everett Collection (4); Indiana Jones, Paramount/courtesy Everett Collection; Fraser and King Kong, Universal/courtesy Everett Collection (2); Tucker and Chan, New Line/courtesy Everett Collection; Jackson, Miramax/Buena Vista/The Kobal Collection; Gibson, Tri-Star/The Kobal Collection; Jolie, Ronald Asadovian/Splash News; Radcliffe, WireImage.com; penny, Dorling Kindersley/Getty Images; \$100 bill, Las Vegas Stock/O'Garra/Bissell Photography; money pile, Lawrence Sawyer/Stockphoto.com; flames, Siloto/Alamy **pp.94-98:** Skyline and Queen Mary, CORBIS (2); Cocaine Cowboys, money, Bianco, Ayala, Blanco and Corleone, Cosby, and Cocaine Cowboys cover art, Magnolia Home Entertainment (7); Escobar and Grese, Associated Press (2); Dadeland Mall massacre, www.Rakotour.com; Qing, Hulton Archives/Getty Images; Beltrán, AFP Photo/Mexican Federal Police; Examiner front page, courtesy of David Cosby **p.102:** Shirt, courtesy of Jeff Harris studio; shoes, Devon Jarvis; bride, Meiko Arquillos/Getty Images **p.105:** Dice, Microzoa/Getty Images; cards, Stockbyte/Getty Images; beer, Jonathan Kitchen/Getty Images; drink and cigarettes, Don Farrall/Getty Images (2); watch, Manoj Mundapat/StockPhoto.com; eagle, Johan Swanepoel/StockPhoto.com; TV, C Squared Studios/Getty Images; knuckles, Stockbyte/Alamy; ball, Masterfile; cuff, Photodisc/Alamy **p.106:** Kiltschko, Alexander Helmann/Bongarts/Getty Images; brick background, Eric Tucker/Getty Images **p.108:** Dollhouse, Wayne Walton/Lonely Planet Images; beach ball, red floats, and inner tube, Stockbyte/Getty Images (3); towel, Dorling Kindersley/Getty Images; pink floats, Stockdisc/Getty Images; snorkel, Tim Ridley/Getty Images; beach ball, Ryan McVay/Getty Images; goggles, Image Source/Pink/Getty Images; cart, Don Farrall/Getty Images; cabin, John Anthony Rizzo/PhotoLibrary.com; lighthouse, Diane Cook and Len Jensch/Getty Images; canoe, Randy Lincks/Corbis; Red Rock, David Thomlinson/Lonely Planet Images; skier, Kevin Arnold/Getty Images; surfer, Jeff Divine/Getty Images **p.128:** Man in silver, Radius Images/PhotoLibrary.com; Mr. Messner, Frank Rapp/Moonson Images/PhotoLibrary.com; policeman, Jupiter Images/Comstock Images/Alamy; Newton's cradle, Kalicoba/Alamy; fetal pig, Educational Images Ltd./Custom Medical Stock Photo; bacon, Paul Popolis/Jupiter Images; fly, Andrew Pendlebury/Alamy; security camera, Brownstock Inc/Alamy; Baldwin, Mitchell Haaseth/NBC/courtesy Everett Collection; Harvey Birdman, Cartoon Network/courtesy Everett Collection; Pratt, Jesse Grant/WireImage.com; mortician, HBO/courtesy Everett Collection; Estrada, courtesy Everett Collection.

Where to Buy

ENDLESS SUMMER

Page 110: Gaultier striped cardigan, \$755, Emphatics, PA; Rag & Bone short-sleeve henley, \$185, Barneys New York. **Page 111:** 0039 Italy dress, Frances Heffernan, IL; Michael Bastian striped shirt, \$345, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Roberta Freymann ikat top, Roberta Freymann, N.Y.C.; David Aubrey necklace, \$208, davidaubrey.com; SPURR linen jacket, \$1225, spurr.tv; Salvatore Ferragamo color-blocked shirt, \$215, Salvatore Ferragamo, N.Y.C.; Gilded Age pant, gildedage.com; Bally belt, Bally, L.A. **Page 112:** Biba striped cardigan, \$195; Converse by John Varvatos printed dress, select Bloomingdale's nationwide; LAI belt, LAI Boutique, N.Y.C.; J. Crew shirt, \$70, jcrew.com; 0039 Italy dress, Frances Heffernan, IL. **Page 113:** Rogues Gallery cardigan, \$202, Seaton, L.A.; Lacoste polo shirt, \$75, lacoste.com; Moschino plaid pants, Luca Bruno, CO; Ray-Ban sunglasses, \$140, sunglasseshut.com.

STYLE ADVISOR

Page 114: Hugo Henley, \$145, 1800HUGOBOSS; Paul Smith floral shirt, \$450, Paul Smith, New York; Juicy Couture for Men cotton pant, \$210, Juicy

Couture, New York; Marc Jacobs aviators, \$330, Marc Jacobs, Boston, MA; Bric's leather duffel, \$695, Bric's, New York; Cole Haan Air Blake oat shoe, \$195, Cole Haan stores. Etro khaki jacket, \$795, Etro, New York; Rare Man checked shirt, \$225, Oslo, WA; Express silk tie, \$40, Express stores; Kenneth Cole Mr. Vain leather belt, \$75, KCNY stores; Moschino jean, \$315, Akira, Chicago, IL; Prada suede moccasins, \$395, Nordstrom. Juicy Couture for Men plaid cardigan, \$298, Neiman Marcus; Replay shirt, \$140, replay.it; Rag & Bone slim leg jean, \$225, Odin, New York; TX Fly-back Chronograph/Compass/Second Time Zone watch, \$450, Bloomingdale's; Giorgio Armani boots, \$445, emporioarmani.com. Juicy Couture canvas cotton blazer, \$250, Juicy Couture, New York; Salvatore Ferragamo linen dip dye scarf, \$190, Salvatore Ferragamo, New York; Arnold Stuart shirt for Express, \$60, Express stores; Orciani Wild & Rock belt, \$175, Neiman Marcus; Button-Fly 501 jean by Levi's, \$46, levi.com; Juicy Couture for Men bangle, \$95, juicycouture.com. **Page 115:** Original Penguin Blowfish board shorts, \$65, originalpenguin.com; Quiksilver Limited Collection Mish Mash board shorts, \$90, American rag stores; Etro swim trunks, \$154, Etro, New York; Diesel board short, \$53, Diesel stores.

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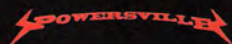


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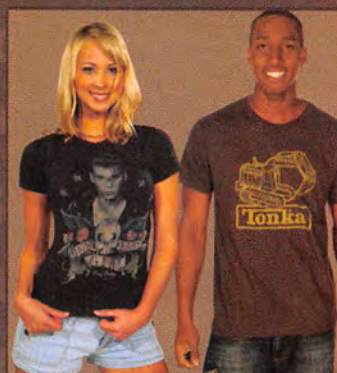
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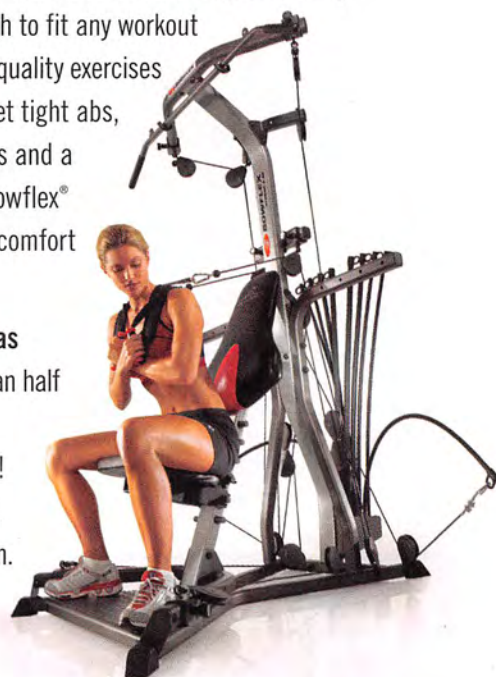
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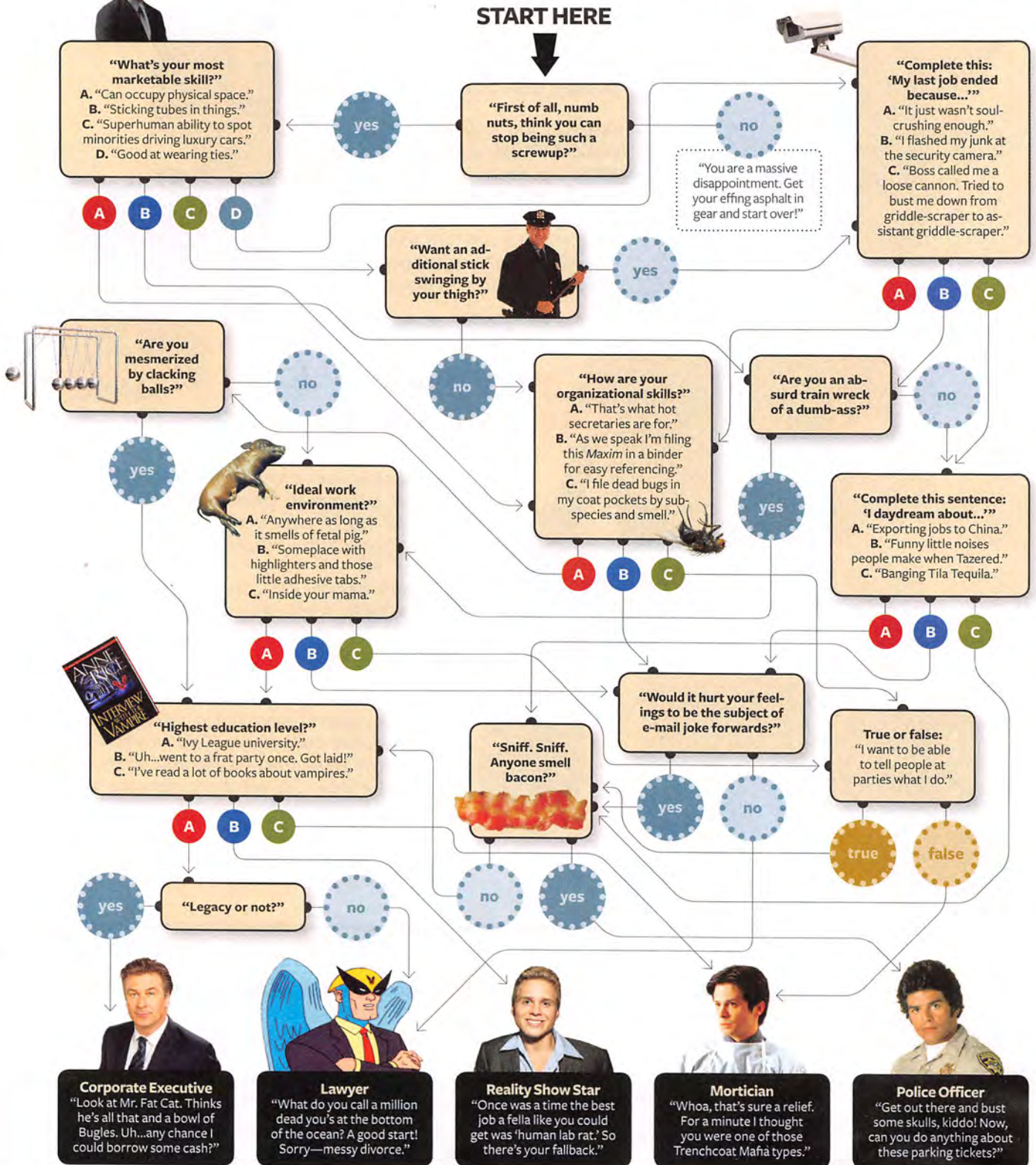
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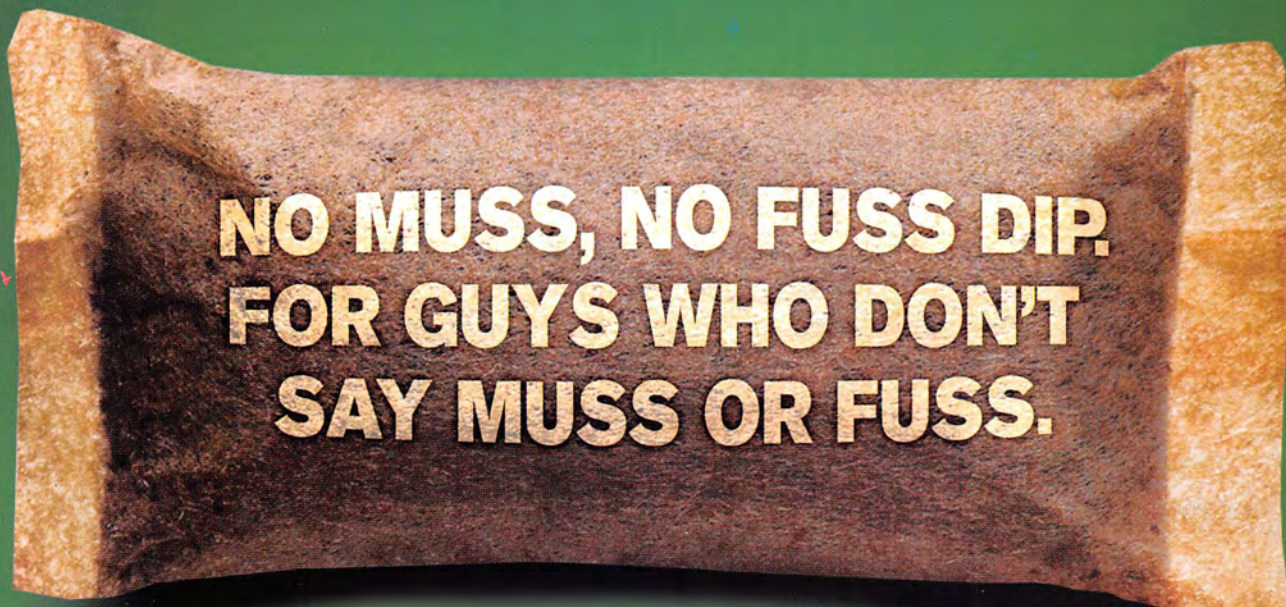
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